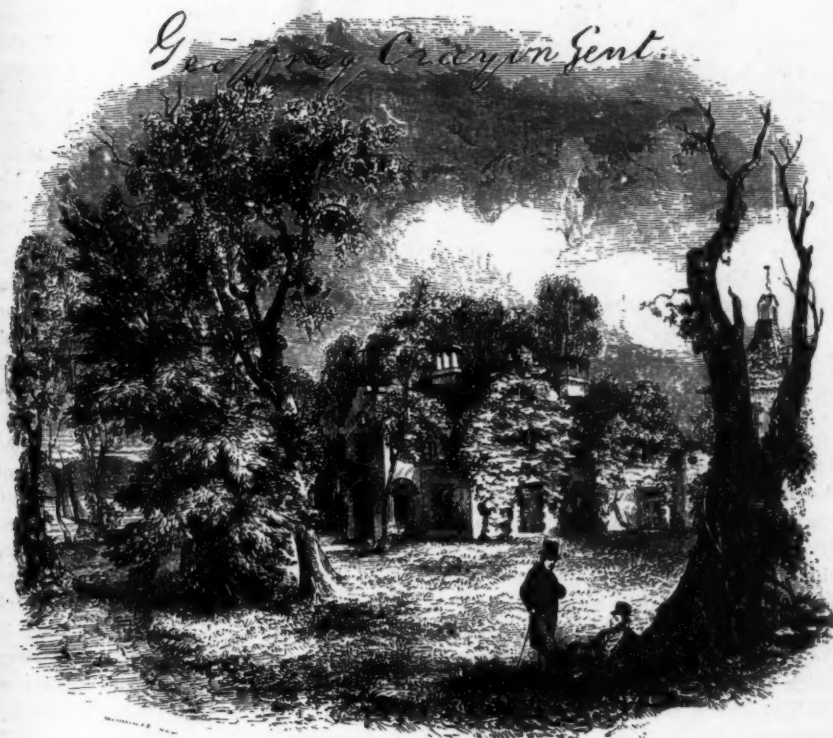


NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

NOVEMBER, 1878.

KNICKERBOCKER LITERATURE.



SUNNYSIDE (RESIDENCE OF WASHINGTON IRVING).

WHAT has been occasionally designated as the Knickerbocker literature may be defined as the poetry and prose produced in New York City and State during the first half of the nineteenth century, by Bryant, Cooper, Drake, Halleck, Hoffman, Irving, Morris, Paulding, Verplanck, Willis, Woodworth, and others, as essayists, historians, novelists, and poets. Of these authors—almost all of whom long ago ceased

from their literary labors—and of their writings, it is our purpose to speak without further preface, not forgetting, however, the wise saying of Sterne, that “when a man sits down to write a history, though it be but the history of Jack Hickathrift, or Tom Thumb, he knows no more than his heel what lets and confounded hinderances he is to meet with in his way.”

The pioneers among Knickerbocker au-

thors were the friends and literary partners, James K. Paulding and Washington Irving, who were joint writers of "Salmagundi; or the Whim-whams and Opinions of Launce-



J. K. Paulding

lot Langstaff, Esq., and Others," a work which appeared in fortnightly numbers from the Shakespeare Gallery of Longworth. It was continued through twenty parts. In "Salmagundi" the humors of the day are hit off in a collection of sunny and good-natured essays, and in so agreeable a manner that the work is still read with interest after the lapse of seventy years. The few poems which appear on its pages were written by William Irving, an elder brother of Washington, and the brother-in-law of Paulding, whose sister he had married. "Cockloft Hall," which figures conspicuously in "Salmagundi," is a veritable mansion on the Passaic River, near Newark, and was so christened by Mr. Irving. It is still in a good state of preservation. Seventy and more years ago it was a favorite resort of its young owner, Gouverneur Kemble, Paulding, the Irvings, Captain Porter, father of the present admiral, Henry Brunt, and other merry young blades who made the old mansion gay

with their fun and frolic. Kemble, in a note to the writer, dated February 6, 1872 says: "The old place near Newark, in New Jersey, christened 'Cockloft Hall' by Mr. Irving, was called Mount Pleasant. The house was built by Nicholas Gouverneur, grandson of Abraham Gouverneur, who married the daughter of Governor Jacob Leisler."

Among the first to make a creditable appearance in the field of American literature was James Kirke Paulding (1779-1860). He was also the first of our writers who could be put forth as successfully refuting those critics—chiefly English—who claimed that there was no nationality in our literature. Nationality is the prominent characteristic of all his writings, which appeared almost continuously during a period of nearly sixty years, commencing with "Salmagundi," in 1807, and concluding with a volume of American comedies. The author of "The Dutchman's Fireside" and "Westward Ho!" found inspiration at home for his earlier works—when neither American scenes nor American society were supposed to furnish attractive materials—as he continued to do throughout his long career of authorship. Paulding was a man of great intellectual robustness; strong in his convictions, and inexorable in his prejudices; with great clearness of perception, but little inclination to the ideal; a hearty hater, and a devoted friend; rejoicing in sarcasm, though free from malignity, both in his books and conversation; never yielding to the illusion of fancy or feeling, and expressing himself in language more remarkable for its grave irony and brusque vigor than for its amenity or elegance. No man ever stood up more stoutly or manfully in defense of that

"Mother of a mighty race,"

when assailed from abroad, than did James K. Paulding; nor did any author born on American soil ever entertain greater contempt for foreign example or criticism.

Between Paulding and his contemporary, Cooper, there were many strong points of resemblance; between the author of the "The Backwoodsman," and his life-long friend and literary partner, Irving, none at all. In

addition to his numerous novels and an exceedingly popular *Life of Washington*, Paulding was the writer of the now forgotten verse referred to in "Fanny:"

"'T was a dull,
Good honest man—what Paulding's muse would call
A 'Cabbage head,'"

and by another New York bard, who in a couplet, thus elegantly and judiciously de-

April, 1860, had scarcely reached the beautiful home on the banks of the Hudson, near Hyde Park, of his contemporary, Paulding, when he, too, was called away, and it requires no stretch of fancy to imagine that he only lingered to gather up and carry with him to his honored friend the grateful homage of their common country. The hand of Spring was laid on the elder, whom the Win-



WASHINGTON IRVING.

termines the relative merits of Homer and Paulding as poets:

"Homer was well enough; but would he ever
Have written, think ye, 'The Blackwoodsman?' Never!"

No doubt, during his long career Paulding
"Gave up to party what was meant for mankind,"

by devoting much of his time and strength to political controversy and to writing anonymous articles and editorials on miscellaneous subjects for the newspapers.

The echoes of the eloquent eulogies wreathed by Bryant and Everett round the name of Washington Irving on the 3d of

ter had spared. Paulding passed away peacefully early on the evening of the 6th of April; and although by "reason of strength" he had attained to more than fourscore years, he died as Irving died, suddenly, and, like his life-long comrade, in the peace of his own happy home, surrounded by those who were most near and dear to him.

"Knickerbocker's History of New York," was published in December, 1809. It was commenced by Washington Irving (1783-1859) in company with his brother, Dr. Peter Irving, with the purpose of parodying

a hand-book which had just appeared, entitled "A Picture of New York." Dr. Irving's departure for Europe left it in the hands of his brother, by whom it was completed. The humor of this racy work is irresistible, and it is related of a grave judge



SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

that, in the course of an important case, he suddenly exploded over some laughter-compelling passage of the work, which he had smuggled with him to the bench. "Already," pathetically writes the author, in concluding this charming work, "has withering age showered his sterile snows upon my brow; in a little while, and this genial warmth which still lingers around my heart, and throbs, worthy reader, throbs kindly towards thyself, will be chilled forever. Haply this frail compound of dust, which while alive may have given birth to naught but unprofitable weeds, may form a humble sod of the valley whence may spring many a sweet wild flower, to adorn my beloved island of Manna-hatta."

Of Irving's other well-known writings, a series fitly concluded by his noble "Life of

Washington," it is unnecessary to speak; to enumerate or criticise them is needless, and would be a plagiarism from the stores of universal memory. Of his works, including his well written life, by his nephew, Pierre M. Irving, more than a million of volumes have been sold in this country, and hundreds of thousands in Great Britain, where they are only less known and admired than in his native land. I should be glad to share with my readers some personal recollections of the genial author, but I must pass on to speak of other less known writers and works than those which emanated from his ever-busy and ever-charming pen, concluding with a brief extract from an essay by the venerable Richard H. Dana,* who happily survives at the age of ninety, an object of the deserved respect and admiration of his countrymen: "Amiability," remarks Mr. Dana, "is so strongly marked in all Mr. Irving's writings as never to let you forget the man; and the pleasure is doubled in the same happy manner as it is in lively conversation with one for whom you have a deep attachment and esteem."

Samuel Woodworth (1785-1842), who may be called a single-song poet, was the youngest son of one of the neglected band that achieved our independence. He removed from Massachusetts, his native State, after serving an apprenticeship as a printer in Boston, and established, in 1812, a weekly newspaper in New York, entitled *The War*, to the columns of which he contributed numerous patriotic songs and odes on the victories won on land and sea by the Americans. These and other poetical pieces were published in a volume in 1818, and a second collection, including his most popular poem, "The Old Oaken Bucket," appeared in 1826. At this time Woodworth

* Richard Henry Dana, who completed his ninetieth year November 16, 1877, was born before Lord Byron, who has been dead more than half a century. His career has a special interest for his countrymen, from the circumstance that it includes the entire literary history of the nation, not excepting Barlow's "Vision of Columbus," which appeared after the date of his birth.

was one of the notable citizens of New York, and his house in Duane Street was the resort of the leading literary men of the day, such as Cooper, Halleck, and Verplanck. The second named of these writers, it will be remembered, addressed as a "Poet's Daughter" one of his beautiful compositions to Miss Woodworth. In 1823, Woodworth with George P. Morris, established the *New York Mirror*. In this very popular literary journal there appeared in 1827, after his retirement, a fine steel engraving containing a group of portraits of the most popular American poets of that period, among which appear the amiable features of Samuel Woodworth, while among the others are James G. Brooks, Fitz Greene Halleck, Wash-

ington Irving, James G. Percival, John Pierpont, Edward C. Pinckney, and Charles Sprague, the last survivors of this group. Halleck, in "The Recorder," written a year later, alludes to two other American poets, not included among the above:

"Hillhouse, whose music, like his themes,
Lifts earth to heaven; whose poet dreams
Are pure and holy as the hymn
Echoed from harps of seraphim,
By bards that drank at Zion's fountains,
When glory, hope, and peace were hers,
And beautiful upon her mountains
The feet of angel messengers.
Bryant, whose songs are thoughts that bless
The heart, its teachers, and its joy,
As mothers blend with their caress
Lessons of truth and gentleness,
And virtue for the listening boy."

Woodworth was also the author of a History of the War of 1812-14, and of several dramatic pieces, chiefly operatic. Of these,



THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

perhaps, the most popular is "The Forest Rose." In 1861 his son edited and issued an edition of his father's poetical writings, accompanied by a memoir from the pen of George P. Morris. Samuel Woodworth was a man of irreproachable character, and notwithstanding the want of success that invariably attended his various literary enterprises, he was universally esteemed an honorable and upright citizen. His fame will rest chiefly on his fine lyric of "The Old Oaken Bucket," which has, says Marsh,* embalmed in undying verse so many of the most touching recollections of rural childhood, and will preserve the more poetic form *oaken*, together with the memory of the almost obsolete implement it celebrates,

* "Lectures on the English Language," by Hon. George P. Marsh. New York, 1860.

through all dialectic changes as long as English shall be a spoken language.

Gulian Crommelin Verplanck (1786-1870), an accomplished author, and for sixty years



GULIAN C. VERPLANCK.

prominent in the highest literary and social circles of his native city, was born in Wall Street, and as his name indicates, was descended from the founders of the Empire State. He graduated at Columbia College in 1801, and after studying law, he spent several years of study and travel in Europe. Returning to New York he entered upon a literary career, and in 1821 accepted the Professorship of the Evidences of Christianity in the Episcopal Seminary of New York. In 1825, he was elected to Congress, where he held his seat for eight years. He was the first President of the State Board of Emigration, an office which he retained till his death in his native city at the age of eighty-four, and for nearly half a century he was vice-chancellor of the State University. He was for forty years a member of the vestry of Trinity Church and occupied many other posts of trust and usefulness.

More than threescore years ago Verplanck began his literary life by the delivery in New York of the first of a series of scholarly

addresses on which his fame is mainly founded. As early, however, as 1814, he wrote a dozen or more incisive articles against the war with England then going on; followed by a

volume of essays on the "Nature and Uses of the Various Evidences of Revealed Religion." In 1827, in connection with William C. Bryant and Robert C. Sands, he engaged in the production of an annual entitled, "The Talisman," which was illustrated with engravings on steel from paintings by American artists. Three annual volumes of the "Talisman" were issued for the years 1828, 1829, and 1830, to all of which Verplanck was a contributor. He was a somewhat indolent man and his mode of composition was certainly singular. Nearly all his contributions to the "Talisman" were written in Sands's library, where seated in a chair with his arm resting on another, while his feet were supported by a third, he dictated to one of his *confères* as rapidly as they could write. All the articles and poems in the second of the series were written by Verplanck, Sands, or Bryant, with

three exceptions. "The Little Old Man of Coblenz," is from the pen of John Inman, a brother of Henry, the painter; "Red Jacket," was written by Halleck; and the sonnet beginning,

"Beautiful streamlet by my dwelling side,"

is the production of John H. Bryant, an Illinois farmer, and a brother of William Cullen. The preface to the volumes signed, "Francis Herbert," is the joint production of the three literary partners.

In 1847, Verplanck completed his scholarly illustrated edition of Shakespeare, which was issued by the Harpers in three handsome royal octavo volumes. His labors consisted in a thorough revision of the text, which he did with independence as well as carefulness. An excellent feature of his work is the pointing out of colloquial expressions, often called Americanisms, which, obsolete in England, are yet preserved in this country. He gives original prefaces to the plays, characterized by the ease and finish common to all his compositions. This ripe

scholar, able writer, wise statesman, and highly-gifted conversationalist, divided his time between the city of New York and his ancestral home at Fishkill, on the Hudson, a well-preserved old mansion in which the Society of the Cincinnati was founded.

James Fenimore Cooper (1789-1851), whose writings are instinct with the spirit of nationality, stands at the head of American novelists. The *Edinburgh Review* long ago said: "The empire of the sea has been conceded to Cooper by acclamation; and in the lonely desert or untrodden prairie, among the savage Indians, or scarcely less savage settlers, all equally acknowledge his dominion.

"Within this circle none dare move but he."

Cooper was born at Burlington, New Jersey; entered Yale College in 1802, and having obtained a midshipman's warrant in the navy three years later, he for six years, followed the life of a sailor. Resigning from the naval service in 1811, he married Miss De Lancey, a sister of the late Episcopalian Bishop of Western New York, and soon after entered upon a literary career by the publication of his first novel "Precaution." His second work, "The Spy," displayed more skill and power. This charming story, founded upon incidents connected with the American Revolution, appealed strongly to the sympathies of his countrymen, and became a great favorite, as it is still, after a lapse of nearly sixty years. It was first published in New York in 1821. The "Spy" was speedily translated and reissued in several European languages, including the Russian, and it made the name of Cooper almost as well known in the old world as in the new. His reputation was confirmed by the appearance, in 1823, of the "Pioneers" and the "Pilot," works which

shared public attention at home and abroad with the "Waverley Novels." From that time until the publication, in 1850, of his twenty-eighth and last work of fiction, being one more than Scott wrote, Cooper enjoyed an uninterrupted career of literary prosperity. Several years after his death a noble uniform edition of his novels was issued in thirty-two octavo volumes, with illustrations by Darley, of which, it is said, fifty thousand copies are sold annually.

In 1827, Cooper visited Europe, the fruit



J. FENIMORE COOPER.

of which was a manly vindication of the land of his birth, from many current misrepresentations, in his "Notions of Americans." Halleck in his admirable poem "Red Jacket," refers, in this wise, to this work and its author:

"Cooper, whose name is with his country's woven,
First in her fields, her pioneer of mind;
A wanderer now in other lands, has proven
His love for the young land he left behind."

Cooper also wrote while abroad, "Gleanings in Europe," "Sketches of Switzerland,"

and several other similar works which enjoyed a large measure of popularity half a century ago, American books of old world travel being less common at that period than the present. Soon after his return from Europe, Cooper gave to the world his elaborate work on the "United States Navy," which has passed through numerous editions and is still the standard history of the American naval service. Besides this valuable work, which was republished in England and led to considerable controversy, he published two volumes of "The Lives of American Naval Officers." The distinguished author died at his residence, Coop-



FITZ GREENE HALLECK.

erstown, in his sixty-second year, and since that time his beautiful home, known as Otsego Hall, has been destroyed by fire. Six months after his death a public meeting (as many of my readers will remember) was held in honor of his memory, an occasion which no one who had the good fortune to be present will be likely ever to forget. The place of meeting was in New York, and the presiding officer was Daniel Webster, with Irving and Bryant seated by his side. The great statesman addressed the large assemblage, speaking for the last time in New York, and was followed by Bryant in an appreciative and poetical discourse, now included in his volume of public addresses.

Fitz Greene Halleck (1790-1867), who en-

joys the proud distinction of being the first American poet honored by a public statue, left his native town of Guilford, Connecticut, for New York City in 1811. Here he resided for twoscore years, and during a large portion of that period was perhaps the most popular poet of this country. During the second war with Great Britain, Halleck joined a New York infantry company,

"Swartwout's gallant corps, the Iron Grays,"*

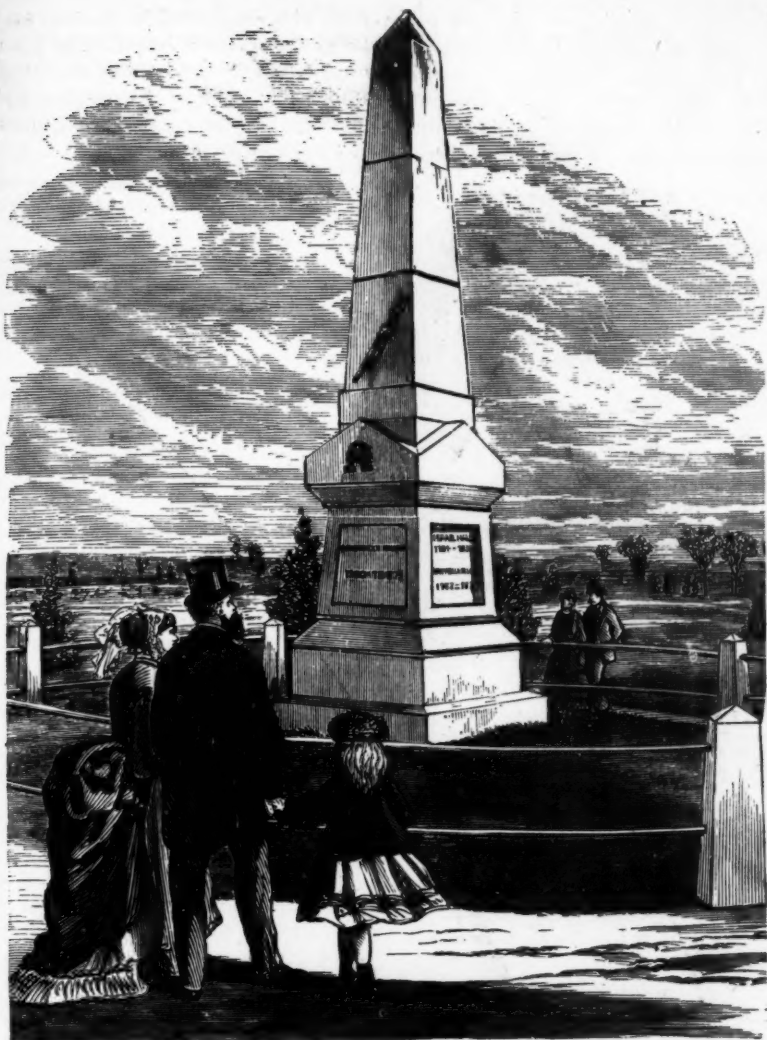
as he afterward wrote in "Fanny," and excited their martial ardor by the composition of a spirited ode. This and occasional poems which appeared in the papers were Halleck's only claim for poetic fame, till the appearance of "The Croakers," in 1819, electrified the town. Their happy blending of wit, humor, satire, and sentiment, threw the whole city in a blaze of excitement. Of this series of satirical and quaint chronicles of New York life nearly sixty years ago Halleck, in 1866, said "that they were good-natured verses, contributed anonymously to the columns of the New York *Evening Post* from March until June, 1819, and occasionally afterward. The writers† continued, like the author of Junius, the sole depositaries of their own secret, and apparently wished, with the minstrel in Leyden's "Scenes of Infancy," to

"Save others' names, but leave their own unsung."

Halleck's longest poem, "Fanny" the perpetual delight of John Randolph, was written during the Summer and Autumn of 1819, while the poet was residing for a few months at Bloomingdale. It was issued anonymously and a few months after its first appearance in December of that year, "Fanny" enjoyed the unusual distinction of being printed in full in a London journal. A second edition enlarged by the addition of about fifty stanzas, for which the poet was paid five hundred dollars, appeared early in 1821. The following year Halleck visited Europe, carrying with him letters to Lord Byron, Campbell, Moore, Scott, Southey, and Wordsworth, and the manuscript of his

* The sole survivor of this much admired corps is Gen. Charles W. Sandford, of New York. [Since dead.]

† Fitz Greene Halleck and Joseph Rodman Drake.



FAMILY TOMB OF THE HALLECKS—BURIAL-PLACE OF THE POET.

friend, Fenimore Cooper's "Pioneers," for publication in London. While abroad he wrote "Alnwick Castle,"

"Home of the Percys' high-born race," and the song he sang in praise of his brother-bard Burns. "Nothing finer has been written about Robert than Mr. Halleck's poem," said Isabella, the youngest sister of the Scottish minstrel, as she gave the writer, in the Summer of 1855, some rose-buds from her garden, and leaves of ivy plucked from

her cottage door, near the banks of the bonny Doon, to carry back to his gifted friend. In 1827 the first collection of Halleck's poems was published, containing among others, his immortal lines, "Marco Bozzaris." Other editions followed, and in 1832 he appeared as the editor of a complete edition of Byron's poems, for which he wrote an admirable memoir. Halleck died at seventy-seven and was buried in his native town, where a noble obelisk, erected

by New York friends and admirers, now marks his grave. In 1867 his *Life*, prepared by his literary executor, was published; in 1877 his statue in the Central Park was unveiled by the President of the United States in the presence of fifty thousand spec-

1856, who was steeped in classics, often followed the romantic school. The following unpublished lines, written by Halleck about 1810, "the flight of a noble bird, for the first time essaying his wings," will perhaps, as a Spring-time memorial of its author, be deemed worthy of preservation in this desultory paper.

"THE TEAR.

"On beds of snow the moonbeam slept,
And chilly was the midnight gloom,
When, by the dampgrave Mary wept;—
Sweet maid! it was her lover's tomb.

A warm tear gush'd, the Wint'ry air
Congel'd it as it flow'd away:
All night it lay an ice-drop there,
At morn it glitter'd in the ray.

An angel wandering from his sphere,
Who saw this bright, this frozen gem,
To dew-ey'd Pity brought the tear
And placed it in her diadem."

Sir Walter Scott relates that, when some one was mentioned as a "fine old man" to Dean Swift, he exclaimed with violence that there was no such thing. "If the man you speak of had either a mind or a body worth a farthing they would have worn him out long ago." Voltaire, Titian, Goethe, Lyndhurst, Brougham, Humboldt, Moltke, and among Americans, Adams, Taney, Horace Binney,

and Richard H. Dana, may be cited in refutation of this theory, which, I presume, has nothing to do with thews or stature. Another bright and brilliant example of faculties, and faculties of a high order, remaining unimpaired in mind and body till long past the grand climacteric, is William Cullen Bryant, born in Massachusetts, November 3, 1794, and for fifty-three years a citizen of New York; who, till his death, at eighty-four, remained cheerful, happy; and full of conversation, continuing heartily to enjoy what Dr. Johnson happily calls "the sunshine of life." Having early in the century written "*Thanatopsis*," a poem which a popular clergyman says is the only one yet produced by an American that is likely to live five hundred years, the venerable poet, after an interval of seventy years, enriched



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (ÆT. 60).

tators, and since that time a memorial volume has appeared containing the addresses and poems, delivered at the monument and statue dedication, by Bryant, William Allen Butler, and Bayard Taylor, by John G. Whittier, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. In the judgment of Alfred B. Street, "Halleck is the greatest poet the New World has yet produced." His poetry affects him as it does Bryant, like the strain of martial music, making his heart beat quicker. No other American poet's writings have a similar effect. Another writer remarks* that it is a curious fact that Halleck, who never studied the classics in their original, should have been, in some cases, so severely classical, while his Connecticut contemporary, Percival, 1795-

* Professor William C. Fowler, of Connecticut.

the world with such noble lines as "The Flood of Years," and this sonnet in memory of his friend John Lothrop Motley:

"Sleep, Motley, with the great of ancient days,
Who wrote for all the years that yet shall be!
Sleep with Herodotus, whose name and praise
Have reached the isles of earth's remotest sea!
Sleep, while, defiant of the slow decays
Of Time, thy glorious writings speak for thee,
And in the answering heart of millions raise
The generous zeal for right and liberty.
And should the days o'ertake us, when, at last,
The silence that—ere yet a human pen
Had traced the slenderest record of the past—
Hushed the primal languages of men—
Upon our English tongue its spell shall cast,
Thy memory shall perish only then."

Joseph Rodman Drake (1795-1820), the author of "The Culprit Fay," was born in the city of New York in the year that gave birth to the eccentric poet, Percival, and John P. Kennedy, the author of "Horse-shoe Robinson." At eighteen he abandoned merchandise and began the study of medicine. It was at this time that Drake and Halleck first met and formed a friendship that was only severed by death. When the young physician married in 1816, it was Halleck who acted as groomsman; when their only child was born she was christened Halleck; when he went to Europe it was to his brother poet that he addressed several



JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

amusing poetical epistles; when the pulsations of his gentle heart were daily growing feebler, it was his faithful friend "Fitz" who, with more than a brother's love, soothed his dying pillow; and when the grave closed over Drake, and his sorrowing friend had said, as Scott did when standing by the last resting-place of Johnnie Ballantyne, "there will be less sunshine for me hereafter," it was the sorrow-stricken friend who wrote



CRO'NEST ON THE HUDSON.

those tender lines so familiar to the English-speaking world, and which will ever continue to be among Halleck's and Drake's most enduring monuments:

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise."

The exquisite poem, "The Culprit Fay," on which Drake's reputation as a poet chiefly rests, was written in his twenty-first year, and not, as it has always been asserted, in the Summer of 1819. It was in this year that the two literary partners produced the "Cronker Papers," a signature adopted from an amusing character in



GENERAL GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Goldsmith's comedy of "The Good-natured Man." The poems were copied from the original by Langstaff, Drake's partner, that their handwriting should not betray them, and were either sent through the mail or delivered by Benjamin R. Winthrop, then a fellow-clerk with Halleck in the counting-house, in Wall Street, of Jacob Barker, the well-known Quaker banker and merchant. So carefully did they keep the secret of the authorship that these amusing *jeux d'esprit* were generally attributed to the *Salmagundi* set—the cultured Irvings, Duers, Pauldings, Hoffmans, and Verplancks. Since Drake's death, they have been collected and included in the latest editions of Halleck's poems, and the author of each indicated for the

first time. Sixteen years after Drake's death his poetical writings were first published in a handsome octavo volume.

The genial George P. Morris (1802-1864), a well-known journalist and the most admired of American song writers, was a native of Philadelphia. In early life he removed to New York, and at fifteen was a contributor of verses to the newspapers of that city. At twenty-one, he, with Woodworth for a partner, established the *Mirror*, a literary weekly journal, which he continued until 1844, when, associated with Willis and Hiram Fuller, he began the publication of the daily *Evening Mirror*. At the close of 1845 he established the *National Press*, changed in November of the year following to the *Home Journal*, a highly successful society weekly, which he edited with Mr. Willis until a short period before his death, at the age of sixty-two. General Morris edited a number of works, including "The Song Writers of America," and in conjunction with Willis, "The Prose and Poetry of Europe and America." In 1825 he wrote a successful drama, called "Briar Cliff," founded upon events of the American Revolution, from which he derived the substantial reward of thirty-five hundred dollars royalty or copyright. He was the author of the libretto of "The Maid of Saxony," and of a volume of prose sketches published in 1836. But it is chiefly as a song writer that Morris will be best remembered. Some of his lyrics, such as "Woodman, spare that tree," and "Near the lake where drooped the willow," are compositions of which any poet might be proud. A proof of the great popularity of Morris, as a poet, is the fact that for above a score of years he could, any day, exchange one of his songs unread for a fifty-dollar check, when not one of the *literati* of New York could at that time sell one for the twentieth part of that sum. Between 1838, the year that he published "The Deserted Bride, and other Poems," and 1860, when the last edition of his poetical writings appeared, several collections of his songs, ballads, and poems were issued by some of the best New York publishers. His military title, by which he was usually designated,

comes from his connection with the State militia.

Charles Fenno Hoffman, born in New York City in 1806, and for the past twenty-eight years by reason of a mental disorder, living in complete retirement from the world, was, perhaps, the most generally admired of the group of Knickerbocker authors who flourished in his native city something less than half a century since, and of which he is the sole survivor. As a song

boyish companions, one day seated on the Cortlandt Street dock, with his legs hanging over the wharf as the ferry-boat came in, which caught one of his limbs and crushed it so badly as to render amputation above the knee necessary. At fifteen he entered Columbia College, and six years later was admitted to the bar. Abandoning the law, he associated himself with Charles King in the editorship of the *New York American*, and three years later estab-



CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

writer he stands among Americans second only to Morris, and some writers have asserted that his lyric of "Sparkling and Bright," is unsurpassed by any similar production in the English language. No martial poem, I think, produced during our late war, equals Hoffman's spirited lines in his far-famed stanzas on the battle of Monterey:

"We were not many, we who stood."

Charles Fenno, a brother of Ogden Hoffman, at the age of eleven was with some

lished the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. To its columns he contributed a series of letters descriptive of a tour in the North-west which were collected and published in 1834, entitled, "A Winter in the West." This work was followed by "Wild Scenes in the Forest and Prairie," and in 1840, by the romance of "Grayslaer," founded on the celebrated criminal trial of Beauchampe for the murder of Colonel Sharpe, of Kentucky, which also furnished the theme of Simms's novel of "Beauchampe." Mr. Hoffman has



Yours very Truly
N. P. Willis.

also issued several volumes of poetry, and it is as a lyrical poet that he is best known to the world. In this field he is unquestionably entitled to take very high rank. Among the favorites, which have carried his name so extensively through the land, may be mentioned, "Rosalie Clare," "'Tis hard to Share her Smiles with Many;" "The Myrtle and Steel;" "Room, Boys, Room;" and "Rio Bravo, a Mexican Lament."

It was a sunny morning in September, 1860, that I walked on shore from a steamer, at the wharf known as Caldwell's Landing, midway between Cold Spring and Newburg on the Hudson, and drove to a picturesque mansion nestled among evergreens, and admirably situated on the plateau north of the justly celebrated Highlands, and within sound, under favorable conditions of weather, of the evening gun at West Point. Entering the substantially built brick house, I saw around me on every side signs of culture and refinement in the fresh flowers, pictures, books, and *bric-a-brac*, so perfectly in harmony with my idea of a poet's home.

The tall and graceful master of the mansion enters, and after a cordial and manly greeting we set forth to see his loved domain, and to gaze upon the extensive and varied view commanded by his "*coign of vantage*." Passing through the well-kept grounds, we soon reach a picturesque glen, and descending, walk along to a mass of rocks, among which the musical waters rush past on their way to the great river two miles distant. Seated on the gray rocks, the master, with much animation, describes substantially in these words, his first visit to the site on which his beautiful home now stands: "I was recommended by my physician," he said, "to seek a residence somewhere north of the Highlands, and some sixteen years ago, when I first saw the place, it was one of the roughest pieces of land that I ever looked upon. But it had capabilities.

I saw trees, knolls, rocks, and this ravine, musical with waterfalls, and to the south 'a noble wild prospect,' as Sam Johnson would have said, and I at once determined that it should be mine. Walking over the rocky fifty acres with the owner, who looked his astonishment no less than expressed it, that a city man should want his 'unimproved property,' as he called it, he said, 'What on earth can you do with it? It's only an idle wild.' I did not tell him, but I bought it, and you see what I have made of it, and that I was indebted to my Dutch predecessor for an appropriate and very pretty name." The speaker was Nathaniel Parker Willis (1807-1867), and the place Idlewild, almost as famous as Irving's Sunnyside. Here, with the exception of a health trip to the tropics, and to the Southern and Western States, the gifted and graceful writer spent the last twenty years of his ever-busy literary life; here it was that after bravely battling for existence for many years, he at length fell a victim to the relentless tyrant, consumption, on the sixtieth anniversary of his birth, and was laid at rest by the side of his mother's grave in Mount Auburn.

Willis, for many years the most talked about of American authors, was a native of

Portland, the birthplace of Seba Smith, John Neal, and Henry W., and Samuel Longfellow. His father and grandfather were publishers, the latter having been an apprentice in the office with Benjamin Franklin, and a member of the famous Boston tea party. He graduated at Yale College, and began his literary career by winning a prize of fifty dollars offered by the publishers of an illustrated annual. He established in New York the *American Monthly Magazine*, which he conducted for two years, and then, in 1831, merged it into the New York *Mirror*. Willis spent several years in Europe, where he wrote "Pencilings by the Way" for his paper, and before his return to New York in 1837, he married an En-

glish lady, and fought a duel with Captain Marryatt. Having lost his wife, Willis, in 1845, married the only daughter of Hon. Joseph Grinnell, and soon after established, with Morris, the well-known weekly, *The Home Journal*, which still flourishes. To its columns he contributed for nearly a quarter of a century much of the material afterward embodied in some twoscore of duodecimo volumes. He published, in 1856, "Paul Fane," a novel, and he was also the author of several plays and various volumes of poems issued between the years 1827 and 1860. Many of his sacred poems have found a place in the popular collections, some even in Church hymn-books, and are much admired for their exquisite finish and melody.

THE ICE-BRIDGE.

IN January, 1871, with a large number of others, I stood upon the Durham Terrace, in the city of Quebec, and looked down on the mighty river St. Lawrence. The thermometer had that morning marked a very low point, and all around there could be seen but the dazzling snow, covering city, plain, and mountain alike, while from the bosom of the great river rose a mist which wholly concealed its black waters from view. What could induce human beings, in such an extreme atmosphere, to pace up and down this exposed promenade? The formation of the "ice-bridge" was momentarily expected. Facing the bitter cold, all anxiously looked down upon the hidden stream, and vigorously paced up and down the snow-clad terrace.

Suddenly a cry was heard: "It is taken." Instantly all rushed to the railing and excitedly peered down upon the waters. Slowly the mist arose, and in its place appeared a smooth surface of dark-blue ice, extending far down the river to Indian Point, and up as far as the eye could reach. Under the cloud of mist Nature had performed her work—in a few minutes had improvised a bridge out of the power of man to construct—a glorious crystal plane, as wonder-

ful as it was beautiful. Minute by minute the bridge was strengthening; the intense cold quickly thickened the ice, and in an hour after its "taking," a boy, in a sleigh drawn by a dog, ventured on its surface. As they progressed toward the opposite shore, a rumbling sound, as of distant thunder, rose from the river, for the thin ice was as a sounding-board, and even when the sleigh became as a speck, the rumbling sound continued reverberating between the opposing high lands. Then followed, as it seemed to me, foolhardy skaters, who, venturing on the brittle surface, sped in sweeping circles hither and thither; then hundreds followed.

On the wharfs and quays along the river-side were collected hundreds of on-lookers; so I descended, after my bird's-eye view, to have a closer inspection. A continual row of people were venturing down, shod with skates, and were soon eddying over the glassy surface. Suddenly there was a tremor in the shining mass, and a paralysis seemed to strike on-lookers and skaters alike; the ice was moving, the bridge was breaking up. Instantly the skaters rushed towards the wharfs, rapidly they crossed the planks and scaled the ladders; many were immersed

in the chilly waters, but all save one escaped a watery grave.

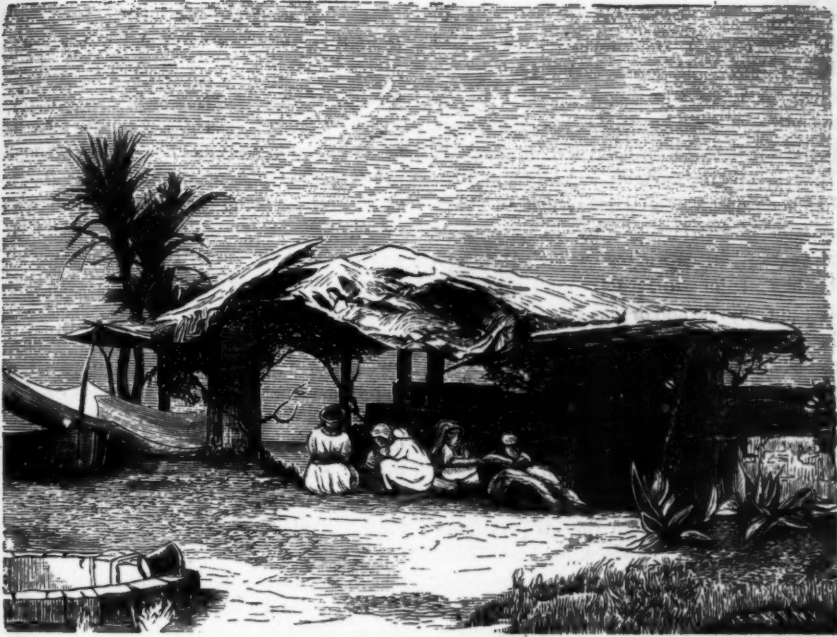
The next morning's sun rose clear and bright, and shed its rays upon a night-formed bridge as pure and smooth as any mirror. The venturesome skaters, careless of yesterday's memories, rushed wildly over its surface, and ice-boats swept across it with amazing rapidity, their white sails reflecting back the sun's rays as the wings of sea-gulls. It was a gala festival, and men and women reveled in the rare enjoyment. From the city height it was a panorama, a kaleidoscopic view of changing forms of human beings, of boats, of vehicles.

Myself and two friends—a bride and bridegroom of few days—were standing on the Durham Terrace, looking down upon this novel and exciting picture, and were carried away with an enthusiasm and a desire to join in the glorious carnival. Quickly we provided ourselves with skates, and soon found ourselves upon the ice. Near by was an ice-boat, ready to be chartered for a voyage to any part of the surrounding shores; so we closed a bargain with the master, and stepped into our conveyance. Voluminous buffalorobes lined with crimson were wrapped around us, and we felt as comfortable as though we sat before a parlor fire; our faces alone could tell how cold was the westerly breeze, which was now carrying us, with the flight of a bird, over the shining surface. Rapidly we passed up the river. On one side were the frowning battlements and citadel of Quebec, while on the other were the higher heights of Levis; and now we were beneath the Plains of Abraham, crowned by the monument of the illustrious Wolfe, rushing past the now desolate timber coves. On one side were the churches of St. Columba de Sillery and St. Augustine, and on the other, of St. Nicholas and New Liverpool, and then the Falls of the Chaudière.

We had swept upwards for over ten miles, when, with a slight twist of the tiller, our boat, with marvelous rapidity, was on the home-stretch. Again we passed villages, churches, and coves, and now and then a frozen-in vessel; then Quebec and Levis rose above our heads, and our bow pointed to

where the Montmorenci Falls threw their vapory column high into the rarefied atmosphere; already its cone had begun to form, and we could even see dark objects ascending and descending its slippery sides. Onward we swept, past Beauport, l'Ange Gardien, and Chateau Richer; when again we turned, and, doubling le Bout de l'Isle d'Orleans, we stretched over towards the village of St. Joseph de Levis, and skirted along the south shore of the St. Lawrence till we struck across to our starting-point, after a wild ride of about forty miles, accomplished with marvelous speed. We put on our skates, and no sooner had the steel touched the glistening ice than we felt the freedom of a liberated eagle; we seemed hardly to touch the ice, but rather to be carried through the air. Hundreds of skaters were gliding hither and thither; ice-boats, with their white sails, were sweeping upwards and downwards, and horses, as if in delirium, were galloping in every direction. I remained with my friend the bride, while her husband forged ahead, we following as best we could. She, full of happiness and joy, glided along by my side, and I could see her proudly watching the movements of her loved one as he skillfully gyrated and executed difficult figures on the keen ice. As I watched her, I was startled by her sudden look of intense horror. I turned my eyes and saw nothing but the crowd of skaters. In a moment, however, there was a rush among them to a central spot, and loud cries; but my attention was diverted from them by a piercing shriek from the woman by my side. I had just time to catch her and prevent her falling, and was holding her in my arms, when I chanced to look at the ice beneath us, and there, swept down by the rushing tide, was the struggling form of her husband, vainly clutching and grasping, and striving to break through the icy fetters! As he passed beneath us he gave one despairing look upwards, and was swept away forever from our sight! I conveyed her to her home, where, for many a succeeding day and night, she lay on her couch, the helpless prey of brain-fever, and from which couch she rose bereft of reason, to become the inmate of an asylum.

ALONG THE RIVIERA.



WOMEN AT WORK, NEAR NICE.

THE impatient traveler who journeys in Italy in the night, if he be a real traveler, is sure to be sorry in the morning. Railways, steamboats, and night trains may add in comfort, but they steal the charm. That "he loses who makes haste," is not so true of any other country. The distance between great centers can ordinarily be bridged without the sense of loss, but here every place is interesting, either because of its present or its past. In Italy art and genius were impartial in distribution of treasures, for wealth and power were confined to no one part of the land. Every-where has some one lived whose home we would not pass; every-where has some one died whose grave we wish to see. And where we do not care to trace the hand of history, that of nature has made the land so lovely or so grand that we can not let it go unseen.

Time was, when, going out from Genoa, one had only the choice between the steamer

to Leghorn and the diligence over the wonderful coast road. After a while the more comfortable though less rapid *vettura*, or private carriage, took the place of the diligence with all who could pay the difference in price. The advantages were, no company, or a choice of company, a knowledge of what manner of man or woman was to occupy the nearest seat, and the privilege of taking three days or nine for the journey, as one's purse and inclinations might decide. But to-day we have three modes of travel from which to choose—the steamer, the *vettura*, or the train. The railway is now complete, by which one can make the journey in a day which by carriage can not be comfortably accomplished in less than three, or delightfully in less than a week.

And here we are already in Genoa, being of the number who repent having come in the night, and as we stow away bags and wraps and umbrellas, and climb to our seats

behind the lean horses and the sunbrowned veturino, who leaves us to arrange our own parcels while he idly cracks his whip, most heartily we wish we had taken our time and seen all that was to be seen. We came all the way from Turin, and we have missed the Riviera di Ponente. And that means much to those who know what it is. It means loss of coast scenery to which no other in the world is to be compared for beauty. It means missing such an acquaintance with the changing glory of the seas as would have made us love it forever after, in spite of all its coquettish, capricious ways. It means the loss of long drives through groves of olive and myrtle and orange trees, that fringe the blue of the sea and are sheltered by gray masses of rock that tower to the blue of the sky. It means no sight at the bare-armed fishermen, in their red Phrygian caps, drawing in their nets at sunset in the harbors, while the water seems a "sea of glass mingled with fire." It means the loss of all nature could crowd into the strip of land between mountain and sea, all the way from Nice to Genoa. For this part of the coast is called the Riviera di Ponente, or the Western Coast, while that extending from Genoa downwards, on which our coachman is ready to start, is called La Riviera de Levante, or the Eastern Shore. Giacomo is in haste to start, but we know his ways; he is as good at loitering after we are once away as he is at starting, and we are somehow possessed of the spirit that proved disastrous to Lot's wife, and look longingly backward, wishing, by the help of some fairy god-mother, to transfer the lean horses, the rickety carriage, and the grumbling driver to Nice. You wonder at it? Then you are a stranger to Nice. Giacomo wonders at it too, and grows impatient and torments his horses till their restlessness forces us finally to bid him be off. He passes the railway station. There has been great talking going on in the carriage behind him, and it ends in an order to drive back to the depot.

"Giacomo, here is consolation in form of 'buono mano.' Seek another party for the Riviera di Levante, but seek one that has already seen the Riviera di Ponente. We

will go by train to Nice, and return by the road wonderful Cornice, and then we will go on with you." It was very bad Italian, rendered intelligible by a very good *pour boire*. Giacomo understood the latter, and from the jumble of miscalled words probably selected *vendredi* and *albergo* and *dici oro*, and aided by a sight of the speaker's watch, gathered that he was to meet us again at the hotel in Genoa on "the following Friday morning at ten o'clock." He said "grazia," and "si signore," and with many cracks of his whip drove thoughtfully away, wondering a little perhaps at the changeable character of the American will, and we are left to go by train to Nice. This we do in seven hours' time, passing through seventy or eighty tunnels on the way, running sometimes so close to the shore that we felt the spray dash in our faces; one moment sure we were plunging straight into the sea, and the next afraid to look up lest the threatening mountain bury us in a rocky tomb. And, ungrateful creatures that we were, when the journey was ended, having had our own way, and we were snug in bed in the Hotel des Anglais, waiting for the sea to sing us to sleep, some one declared that after all "it could not have been Nice we cared so much to see." "No, we came only for the journey back. Yet we may as well look a bit in the morning, now that we are here," though we find it hard to decide just which of the party it was that wanted so much to come. In the morning the fatigue is over and we sally forth. What a day! What an atmosphere! What a sky and sea! It works its charm upon the mind at once, and the veriest grumbler is "glad he came."

The water comes up almost to the doors of the dwellings; but Nice has no harbor. Yet a mile away, around the point yonder where the high rocks lift, is the little bay of Villa Franca, where for several Winters anchored the American fleet. At such times the young officers made a pleasant addition to the social life of Nice, and many a bright afternoon or evening the winding road along the shore was thronged with carriages laden with parties going out to some festa on board one of the ships. Not American la-

dies only honored these entertainments, but the English, the Italian, and the French. For all through the Winter season the health lovers and the pleasure lovers of all these nations throng to Nice. The hotels are counted by dozens; the villas, many of them most charming and all occupied by strangers, number nearly a hundred. The

aspect of a little capital up to the hour of four o'clock P. M. About that time the wind rises; the very sea seems to shiver; the damp, cold breeze goes through wraps and flesh direct to the bones, and the people make all haste to go in-doors. Baby wagons are trundled home, shawls and wraps come out, invalid chairs are jostled over the ground



FISHERMEN IN THE HARBOR OF PORTO MAURITZIO.

old town is one of high dwellings and narrow, dirty streets, full of Italian people trying to be French. The new town is of wide avenues and Parisian shops and grand hotels, and one great promenade by the sea, where every body goes to see every body else. Here the invalids and the babies are wheeled about or sit in the sun. The babies play with rattles and sleep. The invalids take a newspaper instead of a toy between their naps. In the little park, or Jardin Public, nearly the whole population stroll in the afternoon and sit listening to the music of the band. It is a most lovely garden, full of tropical plants, colossal myrtles, and noble palma. One of the latter, the great palm tree in the center, was planted there "in honor of the annexation to France." All is sunny and bright; the music is French, the dress is French, the chatter, too, much of it, in French, and the place has quite the

and the world of Nice goes shivering to dinner. No climate is better for invalids if they remember that when the clock strikes four the out-door day is done.

There is the walk on the Promenade, the hour in the garden listening to the music, the ball or amateur theatricals at a hotel, or the smaller circle at the house of a friend at night. There are talks, the drives, the church on Sunday; and to the general visitor that is all there is of it. But he who is equal to long strolls among the peasants, and who loves to watch the men in the fields and the women pressing the olives which they have gathered, or making perfumes from the oranges, will find another sort of charm. There are towns away back among the hills that look as if they had been built for fortresses—towns crumbling year by year and taking on the aspect of towers that rise from the native rock. Some have been de-

serted for lack of water, and some still keep a flock of shepherds, wild, strong people, who never come down from the hills themselves, though they sometimes send their daughters to earn a marriage portion by work in the homes of Nice.

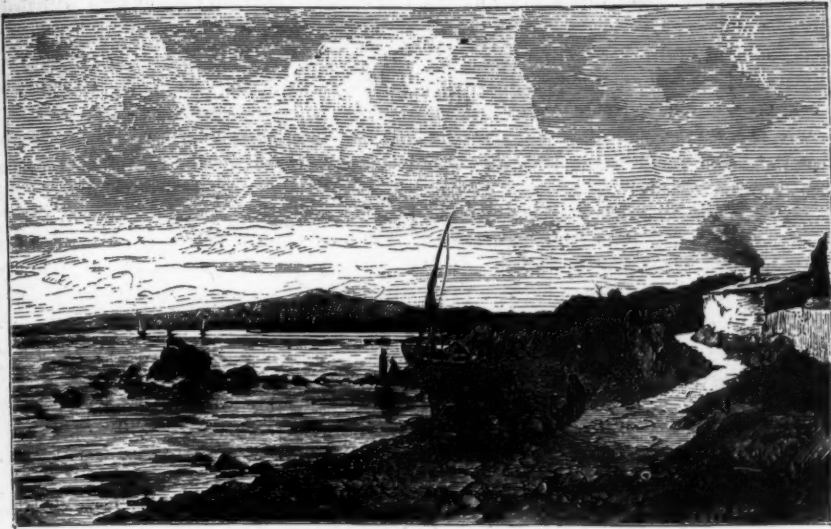
These people seem almost to be a mountain race apart. Their patois, their songs, their habits are more like those of the herdsmen of the upper Alps than like the dwellers in the hills surrounding a French city.

Nice has always been called the "Pearl of the Mediterranean." If it is so it is but one in a tiara of pearls set in the opalesque hues of the circling sky and the sea. Away to Monaco; and this time it is, indeed, the real Cornice Road. We are hardly out of Villa Franca, across the peninsula of olive groves, with the sea in sight and the sky one bending arch of turquoise above, before we are in sight of Monaco. At some points this tiny principality only measures one hundred and fifty yards across. The railway train that passed us on our drive in one half-hour will have traversed the entire length of the land. Never was so small a place more beautiful, and never was there a place so small from which so many people turned away heart-sick and miserable, leaving their hopes behind them; for here are the headquarters of the gambling of the Continent, and the place is more thriving than ever since the withdrawal of governmental sanction has closed the kirsans of Hamburg, Baden Baden, and Weisbaden. Once the tired gamester, who had any thing left after a Summer at these various places, squandered the surplus here; now he makes Monaco the center of his operations.

The palace crowns a rocky promontory, whose smooth sides, descending abruptly into the sea, look as if they were part of the castle itself, and as if the whole structure rose direct from the water. Dull and dark cypresses and Italian pines, gardens beautiful with myrtle and orange and terraced balconies, tempt the eye on the landward side. The vines and the aloes cling to the rock above the sea, and the place reminds one of the pirates' nest it was once said to be. The town, numbering less than two thousand

people, clings around the castle as if for protection, and the walls and battlements and fortifications inclosing the whole seem like the toy protections to a toy estate. The town, the castle, and the huge rock on which it stands, all suggest a diminutive warrior, perfectly clad in armor and boldly stepping forth from the ranks to meet the enemy alone—a little David, sling in hand, ready for whatever giant may be in the way. And yet, imposing as it looks, the dark shadow the cliffs cast in the sea below is not more unsubstantial and insecure than is the place itself. Its little show of power is a pitiful sort of sham. All the reality there is to it is that of the revenue that comes from the gambling at Monte Carlo. The place is only separated from the promontory on which the palace stands by a little stretch of winding road so smooth that the wheels move almost without sound, and lined with tropical shrubs. Rare exotics fill the garden plateaus of Monte Carlo, and the glistening of the fountains under the gas jets at night changes the blossoms to jewels, such as mother earth might be glad to wear upon her bosom for the children to toy with as they rest in her arms or climb about her knees.

But there are children of earth who care very little for the beauty that comes only with such simple things as flowers and light. Such linger not long in the gardens, though they are as fragrant, as cool, as pure as ever Eden was. The crowd is for the Casino, a sort of palace beautiful, made attractive by gilding and glitter and glare. Behind the marble pillars of its portico are ball-rooms and concert-rooms and reading-rooms, banquet halls, and all these are only the vestibules of the gambling-rooms, the magnificently decorated "*Salons de jeu*,"—every thing is gilded here. There is no way of keeping out blackness of heart, rottenness of moral nature; but they must not enter without good manners and good clothes. Strictest regulations as to outward appearance and demeanor are enforced by servants whose liveries are as immaculate, and whose tread as soft, whose authority as inexorable as if the place were a cathedral and they beadles, who, staff in



NEAR THE PROMONTORY OF MURTOLO.

hand, lie in wait for the irreverent visitor who enters with covered head. One must walk softly and talk softly in the *Salons de jeu*. You may ruin your fortune, break your mother's heart, be made in turn excited, anxious, reckless, desperate, hopeless, frenzied; your senses may be swept out as your money is swept in by the pitiless croupier; but no one minds so long as you bear whatever comes with composure and decorum. No matter what wreck to soul, body, or fortune, so long as you do not disturb the play. To stand silently by and watch the fever glow and burn in the eyes of the players is as intensely painful as to watch the physical sufferings of children. It begins so coolly, with the light toss of a small sum upon the board. It grows interesting as the player wins,—annoying, exasperating, maddening, at the last, as he loses and continues to lose. A hundred varying phases of emotion sweep the soul and the face in an hour. Very few people play indifferently. It becomes a terrible passion, and in the end it is always Monaco that wins. An old saying has come down to us from the days when she lived by piracy. Translated it means, "I am Monaco, perched on a rock. I neither sow nor

reap, nevertheless I mean to eat." She reaps now, but it is the spoil of the vices of strangers. She fattens on their poverty and folly, and, after a modern and less fatiguing fashion, she is a pirate still.

A day is enough at Monaco, for the pure air seems tainted and spoiled for a healthful spirit, and the spot is one where souls are sick. You can not forget the gaming, and the effect, after the first curiosity is gratified, is painful, like the study of mental disease. Invalids are often depressed by going to remedial institutions where no one but the doctor is truly well. How much greater the depression if nobody tried to be or wanted to be well! Such a place is Monaco to any nature that finds and feels the sore and aching spots in human souls.

And Mentone, only a little farther on, gives us as much if not more beauty and less pain. The very name suggests health, loveliness, and rest. The maritime Alps shelter it in the rear,—throw out spurs that inclose harbor and town in a semicircle of rocky heights. The shore is dotted with white villas, the town creeps back under the shelter of the hills. The vegetation is more luxuriant and beautiful than we have yet seen, and the dark shining foliage of the

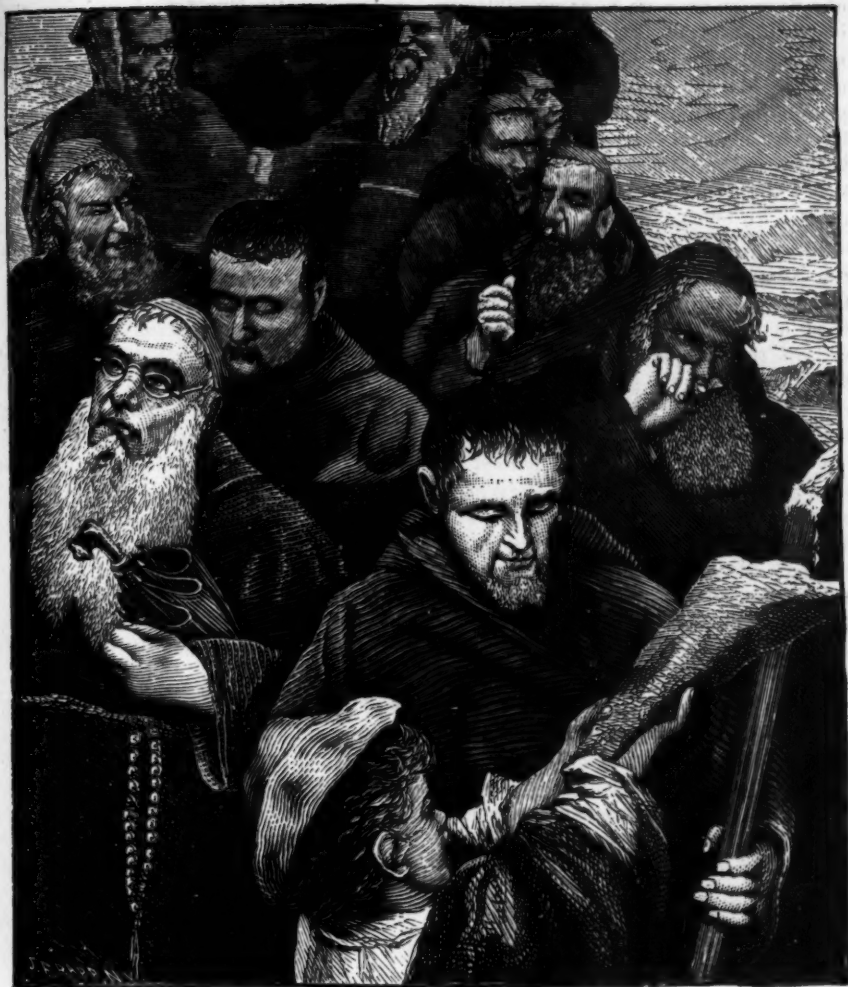
numerous lemon trees seems to drink up the heat of the sun. The sick body or spirit that could not rally here if the wonderful climate and scenery are allowed to do their work, must be almost past cure. Hundreds try it every year, and it is only recently that the native people begin to be demoralized by the throngs of guests. France bought Mentone from Monaco for eight hundred thousand dollars in 1860, and yet it is harder to make it French than either of the last visited places. Monaco only seems to be French without effort; Nice tries hard and only partially succeeds; Mentone accepts whatever is thrust upon her, but never seems to try.

Here at last we realize what it is to be upon the Riviera, for leaving Mentone the beauty beguiles on every side. We dislike to turn from the towers of gray rock over which the blue sky hangs, and along whose sides the olives crowd the terraces, and the orange trees struggle with the vines for a place to cling, and yet the tempting sea, on the other hand, is changing in color every hour. It is never twice alike under a sky that changes too and challenges it always to reveal new beauty. It is chameleon-like in its color. It is gray with the rocks, or blue with the sky, or pale green with the olives; it is gold with the sunset, or red and violet with the clouds. One can not weary of it, for it is the sea at its best,—the sea in its restless youth, before it has done any thing but play or discovered its hidden strength of storms and its hidden power to chill. But beautiful as it is, its shifting motion makes it seem ever farther and farther away, and neither the sky nor the hills are near. Closer, and less like dreams, seem the old villages through which we pass, and the people we constantly meet. There are mothers toying with dark-eyed babies; there are old women spinning at cottage doors; there are children, bare-legged and brown, but often with their ragged hats garlanded with flowers, and brawny fishermen mending their nets or waiting for the tide. There are donkeys, too, who seem somehow to be, as the New Englanders would have it, "*Folks as much as any body,*" trotting along the hard road

or trudging through the soft sand, with their panniers on their sides and their masters on their backs. The whizzing trains pass frequent, now below us, so that we only see the smoke, now above us on the zigzag road, and again through some tunnel where we followed its course by the rumbling sound, as if the thunders had been imprisoned in the rocks.

Over St. Louis's bridge, spanning a lovely ravine, and we are no longer in France. At the frontier village of St. Mauro, a guide will try to lead us away, after the luggage has been inspected, to caves on the shore where fossil remains of animals and weapons of flint have been found. He is usually in league with the driver, who likes his party to be diverted, as thus the journey may be prolonged, and he be paid for an extra day.

Again at Ventimiglia, formerly the frontier town of Piedmont, we shall be invited to look at ancient Roman inscriptions in the cathedral, and at a mile-stone preserved in the Church of San Michele. It is well to resist the mile-stones and other antiquities which will multiply as we proceed; for the early Romans have left their traces everywhere along the route, and push on through Bordighera to San Remo, which latter place, situated much like Mentone, is its rival as a resort for invalids. Here the plantations of palms become a marked feature in the landscape, and seem to crowd the lemons and olives off their own ground. Their leaves have become an article of export to Holland and to Spain, and to Bordighera has been granted for many years the privilege of furnishing the palms for the services of Palm Sunday, at St. Peter's Church in Rome. It is no small privilege when we consider that the people are not content with having one palm branch to be preserved in their homes after it has received the blessing of the Pope, but they purchase those woven into crosses and anchors and all sorts of quaint devices, and for the most beautiful large prices can be obtained. So the traffic is most profitable, and the people near San Remo have great cause to be grateful to the seaman who secured it to them. The story, almost too familiar to be repeated, is, that a sailor,



PROCESSION OF MONKS FROM THE ITALIAN MONASTERY.

named Bresca, of San Remo, aided, at the peril of his life, in the erection of the obelisk in the piazza of St. Peter's in Rome. His hand on the ropes at a critical moment, and his voice encouraging and directing just as the effort seemed about to fail, won him the offer of a reward from the Pope. And he asked that to Bordighera might be granted the privilege that has since supported many of her families and covered her hill-sides with palms. As we pass on there comes before us an older story still of one before whose feet they cast the palm boughs down, and

while we are thinking how strange it is that this custom should have grown from that, the driver whirls us up before the Victoria Hotel, where we are to pass our first night. San Remo has about eleven thousand people, but so compactly are the dwellings crowded to get her in the shelter of the hills that it seems a much smaller town. We must be away early in the morning, and therefore improve the cool evening time for a stroll and a sight of what is to be seen.

The old Gothic Church is too dark for an evening visit, but the streets and the people

of a Southern town are never more interesting than at night. The air of the early morning is like wine. It is not well to wait until the day grows warm. The towns are picturesque and unimportant, but the scenery is one panorama of beauty. We travel fast, for we would travel far to-day. Leaving San Remo, an enchanting view of miles of coast is before us. We leave behind the old square Castle of Arma, and make our first halt at San Lorenzo. Not because there is any thing special to be seen, but the "sweet wine of San Lorenzo must be tasted," which is the driver's way of suggesting that he is thirsty. At Oneglia we cross the torrent by a wire suspension bridge, and enter the town by roads that run through charming vineyards. The place was burned by the French in 1792, and yet looks as venerable as the towns that count centuries. The hills move back from the coast, and the country grows luxuriant and the towns change from unreal, sleepy, picturesque little places, to bustling, busy seaports. Such is Alassia, which is prosaic enough, though said to be named from the daughter of Emperor Otho, who escaped hence with her lover. This little bit of romance is only read or remembered by the stranger. It means nothing at all to the people who are building the ships down there on the sands. Neither does it matter to the citizens of Albegna that her castle towns date from the feudal ages, and her cathedral has Runic emblems carved above its doors, and an old heathen temple for a baptistery. The city's heart and hands are busy with the ship-building, which is carried on extensively in nearly every considerable town. This ceaseless noise of hammering is all that saves the coast from seeming to be in siesta. This is the to-day of Italy. Of its to-morrows we begin to have faint prophetic gleams, and we have only to lift our eyes to the heights as we pass on, to read the story of its yesterdays. It is written in old Roman bridges like Ponte Lungo, in the ruined forts of the Spanish kings above Finale Marina, in the deserted monasteries that crown the hills, in the ruined castle and abbey of the island Bergeggi, all of which we leave behind to

plunge into the long tunnel, and from the darkness of which we emerge to see a picture of coast scenery that can never be forgotten. Forty miles or more away as we are, we can yet see Genoa.

"At Savona, shall we dismiss carriage and burden ourselves with specimens of Italian pottery, which manufacture is the staple product of the city, and go by rail to Genoa? or shall we drive on for yet another day?" It did not take long to decide, for in this last forty miles lies a possible visit to the old monastery of Il Deserto, crowning the heights above Varese. And only four miles farther on lies the town of Cogoleto, which claims the honor of having been the birthplace of Columbus. Whether or not it was here his eyes opened to the light, the tradition is sufficient to make us glad to see the place. We find only an ordinary Italian town, many of whose people are employed in the huge foundries of shot and shell, whose smoke makes a black cloud upon the sky.

The twenty miles remaining between Cogoleto and Genoa have all the beauty of the suburbs of that city. We have left behind the rocky heights crowned with aloe, and make our way through a succession of gardens, filled with every luxuriance of foliage, and every charm of landscape into which enters a view of both mountain and sea. As we near the city the villas of the old families of Grimaldi and Doria and the wonderful Pallavicini villa tempt us to delay.

"It is afternoon. It is Thursday. We are to meet Giacomo at Dieciore on the morning of Vendredi. Why not, then, rest here at Pegli over night, and enjoy the walks and fountains and cool vistas of the last named villa till the morrow? It is only six miles from the Albergo in Genoa, and we can easily go in by the morning train."

Genoa is the central point on the Cornice road. On her right hand lies the beauty we have passed. We are not too weary of it to try the beauty waiting before. The railroad is completed on the Riviera di Levante, but if we take it we lose a day amid scenery more widely picturesque and beautiful than any



WORK AND PLAY BY THE SHORE.

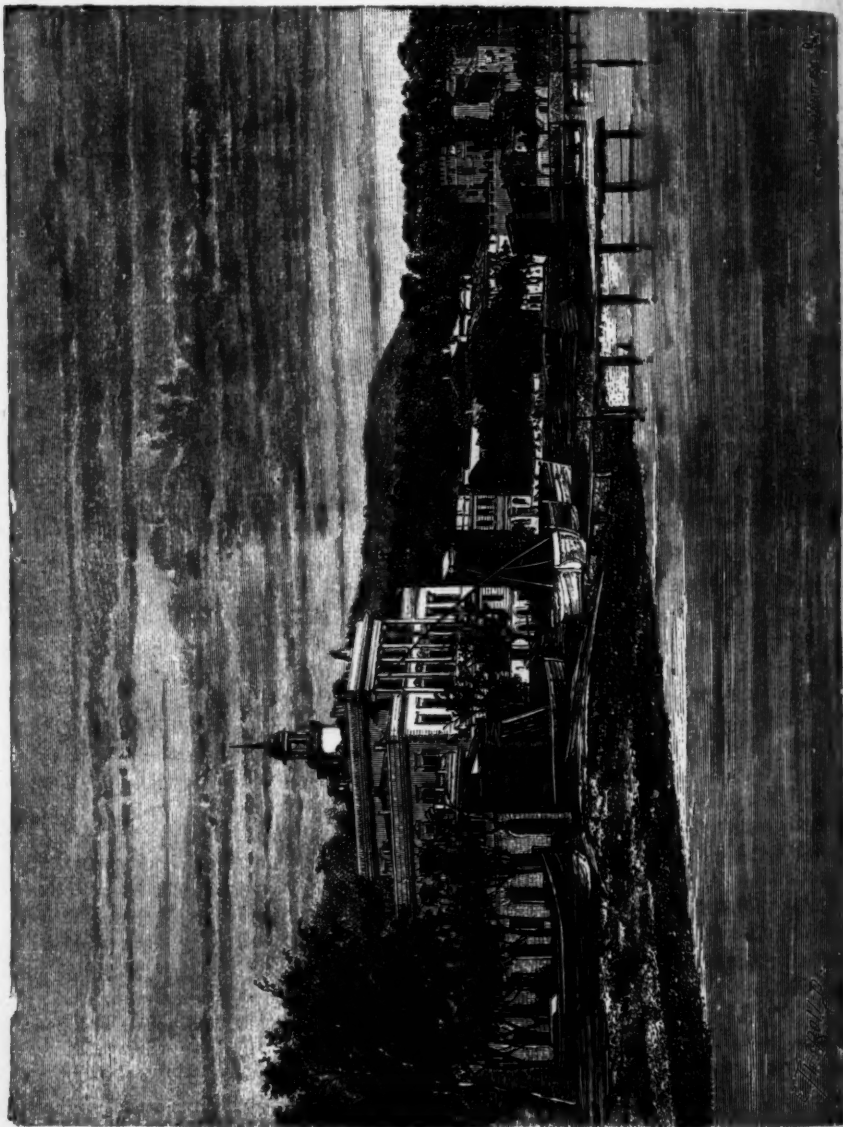
just passed. Yet it is worth going once over the railroad to realize the herculean labor that has built it, not only along the myrtle-lined shores, but along the face of almost impassable cliffs, where even the aloes seem to cling to the crevices of the rocks. For a long distance the old carriage road and the railway keep side by side, and by either route one has glimpses of the white villages half hidden in foliage, and the people at work and the children at play by the shore. But ere long the wildness and grandeur conquer the beauty and peace, and the little sheltered townlets like Nevri and Lavagna disappear, and the rocky coast of Sestri di Levante comes to view, and we begin to ascend through olive groves, which, by and by, give place to pines; through solid but squalid hamlets, where the buildings of gray stone cling around the wreck of some old convent or castle, fallen to ruin years ago. We have left the sea and are entering the mountain fastnesses of one of the wildest and grandest passes in Italy. At the town of Moneglia the remains of the rocky fortress that pro-

tected the entrance to the gorges are imposing still. No greater change could be possible than that between this cold mountain region of desolate rock and that smiling shore below. Two thousand feet above the sea we climb, resting at a solitary hostelry, descending then again through dreary villages till we come suddenly upon a glimpse of the sea. We have been so in love with the Mediterranean during these last days that we welcome another sight of her smiling face as if it were that of a friend. Now far below us we know lies all that beautiful land of blossoms, and we go down ever more and more gladly till the air is soft and the scent of the orange blooms comes to meet us, and the hard, sterile, and rocky soil gives place to living green.

As we descend, for Giacomo is proud of this picture and happy in our exclamations of delight, and cracks his whip and whirls us down at a rapid rate, we get a glimpse of the mountain of Carrara in the distance and a view of the wonderful bay of Spezia, almost at our feet.

All along this coast the rocks are marble-veined. Out in the bays there are islands of marble; a detour from the railway will take one to the town and the quarries, of which

for us to day. We are going straight on to the wonderful harbor of Spezia, from which Napoleon thought he could command the whole Mediterranean Sea. For ships of war



MALTESE CROSS HOTEL, SPEZIA.

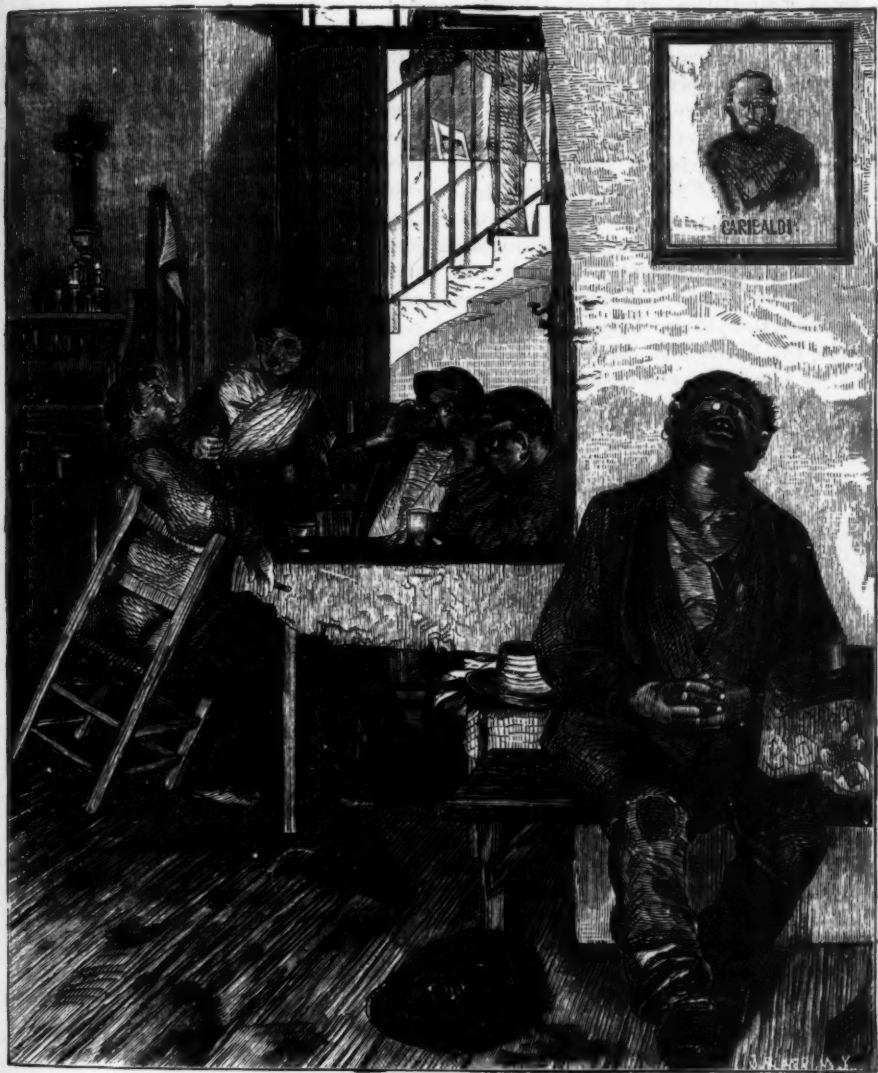
there are more than four hundred in active operation. They have furnished many generations of people with a dwelling, a monument, or a tomb. But the journey is not

it is one of the finest as it is one of the most beautiful harbors in the world. It lies almost like a lake between two fortified points, and it has proved its importance whenever

Southern Europe has been at war. The town itself is not of consequence, but its situation is one of the most beautiful in the world, and a constant temptation to invalids and strangers who take up their residence in some of the many charming villas, and gather at night with the more transient visitors on the balconies of the Hotel of the Maltese Cross.

Sit there with them if you are weary and

would watch the sea; or if you would hear what dress-maker they had in Paris, and how much they paid for extra baggage and for bedroom candles, which were never burned, and how much they got for a five-franc dinner. But if you do not care about all this and have seen the latest number of the American Register, come with me into the narrow streets of the town, and stroll about among the people. See, here is the cheapest



AN INN AT SPEZIA.

kind of an inn, but the staircase and curbstones are of Carrara marble, pure enough in the hand of an artist to have become the face of a cherub. See the crucifix above the wine decanters on the shelf, and the picture of the patriot on the wall.

Spezia has many historical reminiscences, and here is a good place to hear them. Talk to the first sun-browned, brawny workman you find awake, and he will tell you, with much gesticulation, and more interest in the telling than you have in the hearing, perhaps, all he knows and all he has heard of that ever happened here. You will be sure to get the story of Garibaldi, and much better than out of a book it will sound. The hero was laid up here for months after the battle of Aspromonte, at the Hotel Citta di Milano, and there, at different times, came all the distinguished surgeons of the world. The bullet had passed through the boot, and only two out of seventeen surgeons thought it remained there still. Then Dr. Nelaton, of Paris, was sent for, and to him is due the credit of inventing the probe with which the bullet was found. He did not extract it, as is generally supposed, though his reputation was greatly enhanced by the discovery he had made.

The operation, according to the best authority, was performed by Zanetti, an eminent Italian surgeon, and Nelaton was not even present at the time. Great stress the Italian narrator places upon this last item, being a little jealous, may be, that any hand but an Italian's should have been thought to have saved the hero's life. Spezia is very proud of Garibaldi, and if he had been born there all classes could not claim him more sincerely as their own.

Back to our rest on the shore, to sleep with the breath of blossoms coming in at the windows borne on a soft sea breeze; to sleep with the low, soothing break of the waves against the rocks upon the shore; to dream perhaps of hills where the snows are drifting, and eaves where the icicles cling; to wake and go on, but with a strange intoxicant doubt as to which was real and which was dream—that vision of the wintery night or this of the radiant day. It is all so unreal that I half fancy they who have seen the "green fields beyond the swelling flood," and wandered beside the jasper sea for a while, would turn back to our dusty ways with something of the feeling with which one takes up life after a week along the Riviera and upon the old Cornice road.

THE CLOUD.

THE cloud lay low in the heavens,
Such a little cloud it seemed;
Just lightly touching the sea's broad breast,
Where the rose light lingered across the west.

Soft and gray as in innocent rest,
While the gold athwart it gleamed.

It looked such a harmless cloudlet,
Seen over the sleeping wave;
Yet the keen-eyed mariner shook his head,
As slowly it crept over the dusky red:
"See, the rocket-lines are clear," he said,
And his lips set stern and grave.

And ere ever the eve was midnight,
That cloud was lowering black.
Dimming the light of the stars away,

Dimming the flash of the furious spray,
As the breakers crashed in the northern bay,
Winds howling on their track.

So in life's radiant morning,
May a tiny care or cross
Just trouble the peaceful course of love,
As if the strength of its way to prove,
As if to whisper, My surface may move,
But my roots can laugh at loss.

It may seem such a little jarring,
Only Experience sighs,
For with time's sad learning to sharpen the glance,
He sees the "rift in the lute" advance,
Knows how fate may seize upon circumstance
To sever the closest ties.

LOGAN, THE MINGO CHIEF.

WHAT school-boy of forty-years ago, does not remember the thrilling appeal which his school-mates, one after another, were wont to make in behalf of Logan, "the Mingo Chief;" and who can measure the influence which those recitals of Logan's wrongs have exercised in the formation of the character and in the development of the energies of the youth of America? Logan, we are told, was the son of Shikellimus, a chief of the Cayugas, one of the members of the celebrated "Six Nations," of New York; and Mr. Drake informs us that he, too, was a chief of the same powerful tribe. He was distinguished always for his bravery in war; but he was equally distinguished for his gentleness in peace. He took no part in the French War, except as a peace-maker; was always recognized as a steadfast friend of the whites until 1774. And it is well-established that when he became the enemy of the Europeans, it was because he had been wronged by them in the unprovoked murder of his brother, sister, and other members of his family.

It appears that in April, 1774, a party of land-speculating whites were exploring the unoccupied lands, on the western side of the Ohio River. The Indians evidently looked on their movements with disfavor; and it was pretended they robbed some of the unwelcome visitors of their horses, and in other ways manifested what, either with or without reason, was regarded as an unfriendly spirit. The whites becoming alarmed appear to have collected at a place styled "Wheeling Creek," the site on which the city of Wheeling now stands. And, while there, on the 27th of April, information was received that two Indians, in company with a party of traders, were on the river a short distance above. Captain Michael Cresap, one of the exploring party, immediately proposed to send a party out to kill them; and although the proposition was opposed by some of the most discreet of the party, including Colonel Ebenezer Zane, the founder of Zanes-

ville, it was adopted, Captain Cresap heading a number of the more reckless of the party, who went out and shot the unsuspecting savages.

On the same day information was also received that another and a larger party of Indians was encamped on the bank of the Ohio below Wheeling Creek. And Captain Cresap and his friends, proud of their unholy achievement up the river, and strengthened by a number of others whom success had swayed over to the victors, immediately went out to attack that party also:

It was not pretended that any of these Indians had committed any wrong on their assailants, or any other white man; and it is very evident that they were on a journey, having encamped where they then were only temporarily. But the reckless, blood-thirsty Cresap and his party, like too many others who have lived on the frontiers, in our own time, knew no rights in an Indian which a white man was under any obligation to recognize; and he went out fully intending to destroy the peaceful occupants of the encampment. For some cause, however—possibly his numbers were considered insufficient to warrant the proposed experiment—the captain on his arrival at the camp, assumed a friendly mien; and, soon after, the Indians struck their tents, and without molestation moved still farther down the river to the mouth of Captina Creek, where they again encamped.

During the night Captain Cresap and his followers pursued the Indians, attacked the new encampment, and killed several of the unsuspecting sleepers, with no other damage to his own command than the wounding of one of his men. On the following day he returned to Wheeling Creek, carrying with him "a quantity of property, which they called 'Indian plunder,'" and a fresh scalp as evidence of their prowess in their unprovoked hostilities against the Indians.

Colonel Zane has left on record that, "at the time of the last mentioned transaction,

it was generally reported that the party of Indians down the Ohio was Logan and his family, but I have reason to believe that this report was unfounded." There appears, however, to be very little reason for questioning the assertion that notwithstanding Logan was not himself present when Captain Cresap murdered the occupants of the encampment at the mouth of the Captina Creek, some members of his family were there and among the victims.

On the 24th of May, 1774, another outrage was inflicted on the Indians in which Logan was again a sufferer. It appears that another party of Indians was moving down the Ohio River with their women, children, and property. It was of the same tribe, if not of the same neighborhood, as that to which the party belonged who were murdered by Captain Cresap at the mouth of Captina Creek. It had proceeded as far as the mouth of Yellow Creek, about thirty miles above Wheeling Creek, now within Jefferson County, Ohio, when information was received of Captain Cresap's outrage; and fearing to go farther lest he should also intercept and attack it, it encamped where it then was, to abide the progress of events.

On the Virginia side of the Ohio River, immediately opposite the mouth of Yellow Creek; where this second party of Indians had thus temporarily encamped, was a frontier settlement named "Baker's Bottom;" and among the ruffians who then lived there were Daniel Greathouse, Edward King, Joshua Baker, who kept a tavern, and one Tomlinson.

The intelligence of Captain Cresap's horrible success at the mouth of Captina Creek had undoubtedly reached this settlement, and the ruffianly inhabitants were at once seized with an unholy ambition to embark in a similar enterprise. Accordingly, under the leadership of Greathouse, who was evidently the author of the scheme, a plan was formed for the destruction of the party of Indians which was at that moment resting, while *en route* down the river, at the mouth of Yellow Creek, opposite to the settlement where these creatures lived.

It was arranged that men should be called in from the neighboring openings, on the pretense that Joshua Baker's family was in danger from the Indians; that meanwhile Greathouse should cross the Ohio, visit the encampment at the mouth of the Yellow Creek, and ascertain how many Indians were there. That Baker was to encourage the Indians to cross the river to his tavern, "which they had been in the habit of; to give them what rum they could drink; and to let Greathouse know when they were in a proper train, when he would fall on them." It was openly represented "as an inducement that they [the whites] would get a great deal of plunder. And that, as the Indians would be made drunk by Baker, little danger would follow the expedition."

In the prosecution of his plan Greathouse crossed the Ohio River to the encampment, and counted the Indians who were there. He found, however, "that they were too large a party to attack with his strength," and he was compelled, therefore, to rely as much on Baker's rum as on the gunpowder and hatchets and knives of his own followers. Besides, the Indians had heard of the murder of their relations by Captain Cresap, and "they were angry," it is said. And it is also said that the presence of Greathouse in the encampment was attended with so much danger that one of the squaws, in a friendly spirit, warned him of it, and "told him to go home,"—a service which, however, did not avail to save her from the common fate of her people.

It was not long before "several men and women," who had been "decoyed" from their encampment on the opposite bank of the Ohio River, were at Baker's tavern, and notwithstanding the contemporary record is silent on the subject, there is little doubt that Mr. Doddridge was correct when he wrote, "the men drank freely, and became intoxicated." They were evidently fitted for the slaughter by Baker, agreeably to the programme laid down by Greathouse, and were thus made drunk, to ensure the greater success in the undertaking and the greater safety to the whites. But it mattered little whether they were drunk or sober, since

they were separated from the body of their party, and their numbers no longer offered an obstruction to the ruffians who had planned their destruction. "Greathouse with his party fell on them," James Chambers testified, "and killed all, except a little girl, which the deponent saw with the party after the slaughter."

Mr. Doddridge stated that the greater number of the squatters who had assembled at Baker's on that occasion, in response to the call for help, for the protection of that model tavern-keeper and his family, "protested against the slaughter as an atrocious murder," and took no part in it, and that the rum-soaked victims and the two squaws who were thus murdered, fell at the hands of Greathouse and not more than five or six of his followers. He said also that the little girl "was saved from the slaughter by the humanity of some one of the party, whose name is not now known."

The discharge of fire-arms and the confusion of the neighborhood aroused the suspicion of those Indians who had remained in the encampment; and correctly supposing that their friends who had crossed the river had been attacked, they immediately manined two canoes and hastened to their assistance. But Greathouse, and those who acted with him, had already silenced those whom they had decoyed from the encampment, and they were, therefore, perfectly prepared to receive the approaching re-enforcement. They concealed themselves on the bank of the river, we are told, and when the canoes had come within range of their rifles, they opened a fire on the Indians who were in them, killing the greater number and compelling the others to return to the encampment.

Among those who were thus murdered were the squaw who had warned Greathouse of his danger when he visited the encampment a few days before, and a brother and sister of Logan—the last of his living relatives. The sister of Logan was in a delicate situation, and, in consequence, was made the object of the murderers' most elaborate barbarities; indeed, as an eye-witness of the slaughter subsequently said, "the party ap-

peared to have lost, in a great degree, the sentiments of humanity as well as the effects of civilization."

The frontiers had enjoyed uninterrupted peace, at this time, for nearly ten years. From the conclusion of Sir William Johnson's treaty with the Indians at the German Flats, in the latter part of 1764, until this unprovoked outrage at Captina and Yellow Creeks, there was no appearance of discontent, either among the whites or the Indians. The enterprising settlers were pushing their way into the Western forests along the whole extent of the Western frontier, and even at that early day there was a considerable population along the Virginian bank of the Ohio River. But it was known that the Indians would resent the wrongs to which, without provocation, they had been thus subjected by Cresap and Greathouse; and the settlers along the entire frontier, without waiting for a warning, appealed to the Colonial Government of Virginia for protection, and, with their families and movables, either moved off to the more thickly peopled settlements in the interior, or took up their residence in the frontier military posts.

In a short time, as had been foreseen, the Indians throughout the entire Western country commenced hostilities, and prominent among them was Logan, the last of his family, who had laid aside his friendship for the whites, and sought nothing else but to avenge the loss of his kindred.

On the 12th of July (1774), Logan, with only eight warriors, struck the first blow on the west fork of the Monongahela River, in what was then called West Augusta County, in a part of the country where no one expected to see an enemy. He had left the settlements on the Ohio River undisturbed, notwithstanding every one had expected that they would be the first to feel the burden of war, and he had gone, instead, where no one expected him, where no one was prepared to receive him, and where his blows would be most keenly felt and most disastrous.

It was on the 12th of July, while Logan was on that expedition, that he encountered three men who were pulling flax. One of the three was shot, but the other two were

spared, well treated, and carried away prisoners. It has been said by William Robinson, of Clarkesburg, who was one of the two captives, that "the principal Indian of the party which took them was Captain Logan; that Logan spoke English well, and very soon manifested a friendly disposition to this subscriber [Robinson], and told him to be of good heart; that he would not be killed, but must go with him to his town, where he would probably be adopted in one of their families, but above all, that he must not attempt to run away; that in the course of the journey to the Indian town he generally endeavored to keep close to Logan, who had a great deal of conversation with him, always encouraging him to be cheerful and without fear, for that he would not be killed, but should become one of them, and constantly impressing on him not to attempt to run away; that, in these conversations, Logan always charged Captain Michael Cresap with the murder of his family: that, on his arrival in the town, which was on the 18th of July, he was tied to a stake, and a great debate arose whether he should not be burned, Logan insisting on having him adopted, while others contended to burn him; that, at length, Logan prevailed, tied a belt of wampum around him as a mark of adoption, loosed him from the post, and carried him to the cabin of an old squaw, where Logan pointed out a person who, he said, was this subscriber's cousin, and he afterwards understood that the old woman was his aunt, and two others his brothers, and that he now stood in the place of a warrior of the family who had been killed at Yellow Creek,"—probably in that of Logan's brother, who is said to have fallen in the massacre at that place.

In all this Logan certainly displayed nothing of the "vengeance" of which some modern historical writers have made so much. He had avoided those settlements against which, because of their possible participation in the murder of their kinsmen and kinswomen, he would have been most likely to have hurled his "vengeance," had he entertained any; and he had gone into the interior, distant from those whose habits and

character he reprobated, to seek some one whom he might adopt, after the fashion of his race, in the place of one of those who had fallen a victim of white men's treachery, cupidity, and barbarity.

Having seated Robinson in his new home, and as far as he could do so formed new domestic associations for his captive, Logan appears to have directed his attention to those who had probably participated in the massacres of Captina and Yellow Creeks. Accordingly on the 21st of July—three days after his return home from West Augusta County, he took a piece of paper to Robinson, "and told him," as the latter has testified, "that he [Robinson] must write a letter for him, which he [Logan] meant to carry and leave in some house where he should kill somebody, that he made ink with gunpowder, and the subscriber proceeded to write the letter by his direction, addressing Captain Cresap in it, and that the purport of it was to ask, 'why he had killed his people?' That some time before they had killed his people at some place, the name of which the subscriber forgets, which he had forgiven; but since that he had killed his people again at Yellow Creek, and taken his cousin, a little girl, prisoner; that, therefore, he must war against the whites, but that he would exchange the subscriber for his cousin." Robinson says he signed the letter with Logan's name, and that the latter then took the letter "and set out again to war."

It is a curious circumstance that on the 2d of March, 1799, nearly twenty-five years after that letter was written, Judge Harry Innes, of Frankfort Kentucky, transmitted to Mr. Jefferson a letter in which appeared the following paragraph:

"In 1774 I lived in Fincastle County, now divided into Washington, Montgomery, and part of Wythe. Being intimate in Colonel Prescott's family, I happened, in July, to be at his house, when an express was sent to him, as the County Lieutenant requesting a guard of the Militia to be ordered out for the protection of the inhabitants residing low down on the north fork of Holston River.

"The express brought with him a war-club and a note which was left tied to it, at the house of one Robertson * (whose family was cut off by the Indians, and gave rise to the application to Colonel Prescott), of which the following is a copy, then taken by me in my memorandum-book.:

"CAPTAIN CRESAP.

"What did you kill my people on Yellow Creek for? The white people killed my kin at Conestoga a great while ago; and I thought nothing of that. But you killed my kin again on Yellow Creek, and took my cousin prisoner. Then I thought I must kill, too; and I have been three times to war since; but the Indians are not angry—only myself.

"CAPTAIN JOHN LOGAN.

"July 21, 1774."

It will be seen how completely William Robinson's testimony was confirmed by Judge Innes's communication to Mr. Jefferson; and it will be seen also that Logan was prosecuting hostilities against the whites on his individual account, without connection with others, either of his own or any other tribe.

As we have already stated, the settlers along the frontier, before the actual opening of hostilities, sent an express to Williamsburg, the then seat of government of Virginia, communicating intelligence of the uneasiness of the Indians, and of the evident certainty of the commencement of an Indian war at an early day, and appealing for protection.

The General Assembly was in session when the express from the western frontier reached Williamsburg; and there appears to have been little delay in securing the necessary means for the effectual protection of the settlers as well as for the suppression of any general uprising among the Indians, which the latter might attempt.

It is not the purpose of this paper to give a minute account of the disastrous war which was waged by the Shawnees, the Wyandotts, and the Delawares, united against the whites in what is known in history as

the "Dunmore War;" but it may be said that Logan is supposed to have been engaged in consolidating the several tribes in the struggle; that he was active, both in council and in the field; and that after the battle of Point Pleasant, in which the great warrior Cornstalk so highly distinguished himself, he refused to attend the council in which his countrymen concluded a peace with the Earl of Dunmore, Governor of Virginia, who had led an army against the homes of the Shawnees near Chillicothe, on the Scioto River, or to assent to the treaty when it had been concluded.

As Mr. Jefferson said, "Logan disdained to be seen among the suppliants" when the Indians sued for peace; and General John Gibson, who was a member of Governor Dunmore's staff, and, as such, was sent into the village to receive the submission of the Indians and to conclude a treaty with them, has left a deposition in which he said "that on his arrival at the towns, Logan, the Indian, came to where this deponent was sitting with the Cornstalk and the other chiefs of the Shawnees, and asked him to walk out with him; that they went into a copse of wood where they sat down, when Logan, after shedding abundance of tears, delivered to him the speech, nearly as related by Mr. Jefferson in his 'Notes on the State of Virginia.' . . . That his deponent, on his return to camp, delivered the speech to Lord Dunmore; and that the murders perpetrated as above (at Captina and Yellow Creeks) were considered as ultimately the cause of the war of 1774, commonly called 'Cresap's War.'"

This treaty was concluded with the hostile Indians in the month of November, 1774, on Sippo Creek, a branch of the Scioto River, where the Earl of Dunmore was then encamped; but Logan indignantly refused to go to the camp for such a purpose, or to have any thing to do with such a treaty. "Logan is no counselor; Logan is a warrior," he said, and contented himself with sending by a messenger the speech which has since become so celebrated the world over.

There are several versions of this speech, each slightly differing from the others; we

* It has been stated positively by those who were personally acquainted with the family, and who remembered the circumstance, that this is an error—the name was "Roberts," they say, and not "Robertson."

have preferred that which was copied into the "American Archives," an official publication, from *The Virginia Gazette*, the official paper of the Colony of Virginia, and published at Williamsburg, the seat of the Colonial government, within a few weeks after the Governor of Virginia had received it from its eloquent author. It was in these words:

"I appeal to any white man to say that he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry, but I gave him meat; that he ever came naked, but I clothed him. In the course of the last war, Logan remained in his cabin, an advocate for peace. I had such affection for white people that I was pointed at by the rest of my nation. I should have even lived with them had it not been for Colonel Cresap,* who, last year, cut off in cold blood all the relations of Logan, not sparing women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any human creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many, and fully glutted my revenge. I am glad that there is a prospect of peace, on account of the nation; but I beg you will not entertain a thought that any thing I have said proceeds from fear. Logan disdains the thought. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? No one."

The publication of this specimen of Indian eloquence arrested the attention of the intelligent in every part of the continent. As Mr. Jefferson said of it many years afterward, "it was known to the camp, where it was delivered; it was given out by Lord Dunmore and his officers; it ran through the public papers of these States; was rehearsed as an exercise at schools; published in the papers and periodical works of Europe;" and, several years afterwards, was copied by that distinguished scholar in his celebrated "Notes on the State of Virginia,"

* Logan was misinformed on this subject. The outrage at Captina Creek was not committed by the father, Colonel Cresap, but by the son, Captain Cresap; and the latter was not present at, and had nothing to do with, the murders at Yellow Creek. General Gibson, in his deposition, from which we have quoted, stated that he corrected Logan's error when he received the speech from him.

and nearly half a century later it was wrought into poetry by being put into the mouth of Outallissi, in Campbell's "Gertrude of Wyoming."

In 1797, for the first time, not only the entire transaction respecting the part which Logan had had in the war, and in the conclusion of the treaty, was stated to be false, but the speech itself was said to be a forgery by Mr. Jefferson, to aid him in proving that the man of America, physically and mentally, was equal to the man of Europe. Possibly this charge against Mr. Jefferson was prompted by the bitterness of political partisanship, which at that time was exceedingly violent; but whatever may have been its inspiration, the accused bravely repelled the assault, aptly remarking, "Wherefore the forgery? Whether Logan's or mine, it would still have been American," leaving the original argument, which it was intended to illustrate entirely unimpaired. But the evidence which was called out by the accusation completely established the fact that Logan did decline to participate with Cornstalk in the establishment of the peace; that he did deliver to General Gibson—subsequently an honored judge of Alleghany County, Pennsylvania—the speech which was attributed to him; that that speech was delivered by General Gibson, in Logan's behalf, to the Earl of Dunmore; that by the latter and his officers "it was given out" in the camp, published in the official Gazette of the Colony, and thence scattered over the entire civilized world.

Heckewelder, the well-known Moravian missionary, who resided on the Big Beaver River, "in the neighborhood of Cuscuskee," knew Logan personally, and has said of him, "I thought him a man of superior talents than Indians generally were." Referring to a conversation which he had had with Logan, before the murders at Captina and Yellow Creeks, Heckewelder said, "The subject turning on vice and immorality, he confessed his too great share of this, especially his fondness for liquor. He exclaimed against the white people for imposing liquors on the Indians; he otherwise admired their ingenuity; spoke of gentlemen, but observed

the Indians had but few of these as their neighbors, etc. He spoke of his friendship to the white people; wished always to be a neighbor to them; intended to settle on the Ohio River below the Big Beaver; was, to the best of my recollection, then encamped at the mouth of the Big Beaver; urged me to pay him a visit, etc. In April, 1773, while on my passage down the Ohio, for Muskingum, I called at Logan's settlement, where I received every civility I could expect from such of the family as were at home."

Heckewelder says further, "Indian reports concerning Logan after the death of his family, ran to this: That he exerted himself during the Shawanese War, then so called, to take all the revenge he could, declaring he had lost all confidence in the white people. At the time of the negotiation, he declared his reluctance in laying down the hatchet, not having, in his opinion, yet taken ample satisfaction; yet for the sake of the nation, he would do it. His expressions from time to time denoted a deep melancholy. Life, he said, had become a torment to him; he knew no more what pleasure was; he thought it had been better had he never existed, etc. Report further states that he became in some measure delirious; declared he would kill himself; went to Detroit; drank very freely; and did not seem to care what he did, nor what became of himself. In this condition he had left Detroit; and on his way between that place and Miami was murdered."

What Heckewelder has given us "Indian reports," concerning Logan's "reluctance in laying down the hatchet," and his revengeful spirit, after the peace had been established, is contradicted by all who knew Logan. But there need be no doubt that Logan's last days were obscured by the evil results of his intemperate habits; though there are grave doubts concerning the "Indian reports" of his death in a drunken frolic, on his way from Detroit to the Miami; indeed, it has been stated positively by those who had given great attention to the subject that he died "of disease at old Chillicothe on the banks of the Scioto River, fifteen miles from the present city of Chillicothe,

the place of his residence, and, we believe, the very spot where his celebrated speech was delivered, and where, it is said, the Logan Historical Society intend to erect a monument to his worth, inscribed with his speech, so that in future ages our sons, from imperishable marble, may learn something of the native eloquence of the New World."

It may serve to round the end of this sad narrative by saying that Cresap came to New York at the head of a company of Virginia Riflemen in the Summer of 1775—the first of the battalion of Riflemen which was authorized to be raised by the Continental Congress, and the first of that historically great body of men which subsequently became of world-wide celebrity as the Continental army. He had not been long in New York when he was attacked with sickness; and, on the 18th of October of that year, he died, without having gained any other laurels or become better entitled to the remembrance of posterity than as the simple, unadorned murderer of Logan's kinsmen, and gibbeted for the contempt of the world, through all time, by Logan's untutored eloquence. The visitor of Trinity church-yard, in the city of New York, who shall wander among the tombs in that ancient resting-place of the dead of old New York will find on the north side of that celebrated church edifice, and within twenty feet of it, a heavy brown-stone slab, standing with its face toward Broadway, and bearing beneath a very rude carving of a cherub, the following inscription:

In Memory of
Michael Cresap First Capt
Of the Rifle Batalions
And Son to Col^l Thomas
Cresap. Who Departed this
Life October the 18: 1775.

We are not insensible of the fact that some modern writers have affected to apologize for Cresap's crime, if not to deny it, and assert his innocence. We are not inclined to dispute the respectability of the culprit's family, nor his own while he was restrained by the demands of civilization and family ties; but we do dispute the force of this general plea when confronted

by the specific testimony of those whose opportunities for acquiring accurate information, and whose fidelity to the truth in narrating that testimony, were unquestionable, until modern dilettanti assumed that those who were born in affluence and respectability, and who, in after life, were favored with family influence in their political advancement, were incapable of wrong-doing, such as this was. But the venerable David Zeisberger, senior, the well-known Moravian missionary to the Delaware Indians, who resided among them, on the Muskingum, at the time when the murder was committed, only repeated the unbroken testimony of those who were best informed on the subject,

when he told his fellow-missionary, the historian, Heckewelder, "that he had from the time when the murder was committed to the present day firmly believed the common report, *which he had never heard contradicted*, namely, that one Cresap was the author of the massacre, or that it was committed by his orders." Mr. Doddridge, the distinguished historian of North-western Virginia, also found no one whose contradiction was worthy of notice to dispute the charge; and we ourselves know too well that those who are first in the field in rebellion sometimes require some other evidence than that fact as a voucher for their own personal respectability and integrity.

ABOUT PRECIOUS STONES.

THERE can be no doubt that the many-
aged belief in the occult virtues of precious stones has added greatly to the prestige of these beautiful "flowers of the mineral world."

Many writers have endeavored to explain the reasons for the passionate eagerness to acquire objects which are easily counterfeited, so as to deceive an inexperienced eye, and which—the diamond excepted—are of no practical use whatever. The true cause certainly seems to lie in the fact that tradition has lent its aid to endue them with the charm of poetry and romance, and has so perpetuated their influence.

The sage Bacon, in his "Sylva Sylvarum," gives some reasons for the estimation in which jewels are held. "There are," he says, "many things that operate upon the spirits of man by secret sympathy and antipathy. That precious stones have virtues in the wearing has been anciently and generally received, and they are said to produce several effects. So much is true, that gems have fine spirits, as appears by their splendor; and therefore may operate, by consent, on the spirits of men, to strengthen and exhilarate them. The best stones for this purpose are the diamond, the emerald, the hya-

cinth, and the yellow topaz. As for their particular properties, no credit can be given to them. But it is manifest that light above all things rejoices the spirits of men; and probably varied light has the same effect with greater novelty, which may be one cause why precious stones exhilarate."

Renodeus, in his treatise concerning medicinal substances, as quoted by Burton (Anatomy of Melancholy), admires precious stones "because they adorn kings's crowns, grace the fingers, enrich our household stuff, defend us from enchantments, preserve health, cure diseases; they drive away grief, cares, and exhilarate the mind."

No people were more credulous as to the mysterious powers of precious stones than the Jews, and the nations bordering on them. Eastern writers pretend that Solomon, among a variety of physiological compositions, wrote one on gems, a chapter of which treated on those which assist or repel evil genii. It became a peculiar profession of one part of their sages to investigate and interpret the various shades and coruscations of precious stones; and to explain the different colors, the dews, clouds, and imageries, which gems, differently exposed to the sun, moon, stars, fire, and air, at partic-

ular seasons, and inspected by persons peculiarly qualified, were seen to exhibit.

Among the Arabians, serpents were supposed to possess precious stones of inestimable virtue. This belief was current through many ages. Matthew Paris relates the story of a miserly Venetian, named Vitalis, who was rescued from a terrible death—having fallen into a pit in which were a lion and a serpent—by a wood-cutter, to whom he promised half his property for this deliverance. The lion and the serpent, who take advantage of the ladder by which Vitalis is brought to the surface, also testify their gratitude to the woodcutter, by crouching at his feet. While the poor man is having his humble repast in his little hut, the lion enters with a dead goat as a present. The serpent also enters, bringing in his mouth a precious stone, which he lays in the countryman's plate. He next goes to Venice, and find Vitalis in his palace, feasting with his neighbors in joy for his deliverance. On being reminded of his promise, the rich man denies having seen the woodcutter, and orders his servants to cast him into prison; but before this could be effected the rustic escapes, and tells his story to the judges of the city. At first they are incredulous; but, on showing the jewel, and proving further the truth, by conducting them to the dens of the lion and the serpent, where the animals again fawn on their benefactor, Vitalis is compelled to perform his promise. This story, adds Mathew Paris, was told by King Richard, to expose the conduct of ungrateful men.

In Timberlake's "Discourse of the Travels of two English Pilgrims to Jerusalem, Gaza, etc., 1611," we find an account of a great jewel which was taken from a serpent's head, and used in conjuring. In Alphonso's "Clericalis Disciplina," a serpent is mentioned with eyes of real jacinth. In the romantic history of Alexander, he is said to have found serpents in the vale of Jordan "with collars of huge emeralds growing on their backs." Milton gives his serpent eyes of carbuncle. A marvelous stone was said to be found in the serpent's brain, but in order to secure its luster and potent in-

fluences, it was to be extracted from the living animal.

The Draconius, described by Albertus Magnus as of a black color and pyramidal form, was also taken out of the heads of dragons, while they lay panting. To the snake-stone a popular superstition is still attached in the East. In the narrative of a "Voyage in Her Majesty's Ship Samarang," Captain Sir Edward Belcher says: "At my last interview with the Sultan of Guning Taboor, he conveyed into my hand—suddenly closing it with great mystery—what they term here the snake-stone. This is a polished globe of quartz, about the size of a musket ball, which he described as of infinite value, an heir-loom, and reported to have been extracted from the head of an enchanted snake." Allusions to serpent-stones are frequent in the early writers. We read in the "Gesta Romanorum," that the Emperor Theodosius, the blind, ordained that the cause of any injured person should be heard on his ringing a bell, which was placed in a public part of his palace. A serpent had a nest near the spot where the bell-rope hung. In the absence of the serpent a toad took possession of her nest; the serpent, twisting itself around the rope, rang the bell for justice, and by the emperor's special command the toad was killed. A few days afterward, as the emperor was reposing on his couch, the serpent entered the chamber, bearing a precious stone in its mouth, and, crawling up to the emperor's face, laid it on his eyes, and glided out of the apartment; the monarch was immediately restored to sight.

À propos of the burglarious toad, the philosophers taught that though ugly and venomous "it wears yet a precious jewel in his head." Lupton, in his "Book of Notable Things," instructs his reader how to procure it; "you shall know whether the tode-stone be the ryghte or perfect stone or not. Holde the stone before a tode, so that he may see it, and if be a ryghte and true stone, the tode will leape towarde it, and make as though he would snatch it. He envieth so much that none should have that stone." If swallowed, it was a certain antidote

against poison; and it was usual to take it as a precautionary pill—rather a hard one—before eating.

In the "Philosophical Transactions," Vol. VI., p. 21, we find that the toad-stone was supposed, in the Highlands, to prevent the burning of houses and the sinking of boats, and if the commander in the field had one about him, he would either be sure to win the day, or all his men would die on the spot!

The bezoar was a stone procured from the cervicabra, a wild animal of Arabia, and was supposed to have been formed of the poison of serpents which had bitten the creature, combined with the counteracting matter with which nature had furnished it. There was a belief in the Middle Ages that the bezoar was a potent charm against the plague and poison. In the inventory of the jewels of Charles V, made at Yuste, after his death, is the entry of "a box of black leather, lined with crimson velvet, containing four bezoar stones, variously set in gold," one of which the emperor directed "to be given to William Van Male, his gentlemen of the chamber, being sick—as it was suspected—of the plague." In the same inventory is mentioned a blue stone, with two clasps of gold, "good for the gout."

Faith in the virtues of certain precious stones for the cure of diseases was transmitted from early ages to a comparatively late period. In the church of Old Saint Paul's, London, was a famous sapphire given by Richard de Preston, citizen and grocer of that city, for curing infirmities of the eyes. In reference to Queen Elizabeth's assumed power of healing scrofulous patients by the royal touch, it was said by Vaughan, Bishop of Chester, that "she did it by virtue of some precious stone in the crown of England, that possessed such a miraculous gift." Harrington, however, observes slyly: "Had Queen Elizabeth been told that the bishop ascribed more virtue to her jewels, though she loved them well, than to her person, she would never have made him Bishop of Chester."

The wonderful effects of stones found in various animals are too numerous to men-

tion. The brain of a tortoise contained one that had the effect of a fire-annihilator in extinguishing flames; moreover, whoever did, at a proper time—having first washed his mouth—carry it under his tongue, felt a divine inspiration to foretell future events. Birds were particularly distinguished for the possession of talismanic stones. The hyena was very properly hunted; not, however for its ferocious propensities, but for a precious stone in one of its eyes, full of mystic virtues. One of the most curious superstitions, and one which has been a favorite theme with writers of all ages, is connected with the carbuncle, or ruby. Ælian has a singular story on this subject, how a certain widow Herculea had attended a young stork which had broken its leg, and how the grateful bird, returning from its annual migration, dropped into her lap a precious stone, which, on her awaking at night lighted up her chamber like a blazing torch.

The fabulous animal called the carbunculo, said to have been seen in some parts of Peru, is represented to be about the size of a fox, with long, black hair, and is only visible at night, when it slinks slowly through the thickets. If followed, it is said to open a flap, or valve, in the forehead, from which an extraordinary and brilliant light issues. The natives believe that the light proceeds from a precious stone, and that any person who may venture to grasp at it rashly is blinded; then the flap is let down, and the animal disappears in the darkness.

In the "Gesta Romanorum" is the story of "a subtle clerk" who, seeking hidden treasures, enters a hall filled with riches, and brightly illuminated by a carbuncle. The tale was originally invented of the necromancer, Pope Gerbert, or Sylvester II, who died in 1003. Golding, in his translation of Ovid's "Metamorphoses" (1565), describes "the princely palace of the sun" as

"Beset with sparkling carbuncles that like to fire doth shine."

M. Googe's translation of "Palingenius" (1565) mentions a city of the moon, as with

"Bulwarks built of carbuncle
That all is fyre yflamed."

Mandeville, in his "Travels," says: "The emperor hath in his chamber a pillar of gold, in which is a ruby and carbuncle, a foot long, which lighteth all his chambers by night." So, in the adventures of the Golden Fleece, the hall of King Priam is described as illuminated at night by a prodigious carbuncle, placed among sapphires, rubies, and pearls, in the crown of a golden statue of Jupiter, fifteen cubits high.

In Pausanias, we read of the carbuncle that "a Charake prophet had, near as big as an egg, which they said he found where a great rattlesnake lay dead, and that it sparkled with such surprising luster as to illuminate his dark Winter house like strong flashes of continued lightning, to the great terror of the weak, who durst not, on any account, approach the dreadful fire-darting place, for fear of sudden death. When he died it was buried with him according to custom." Luiz Bartholomew, in his "Segredos da Natureza," states that he saw a carbuncle of the King of Peru so bright that in a dark place it made all the bystanders' bodies transparent, so penetrating was its splendor."

Chaucer describes Richesse as crowned with the costliest gems:

"But all before full subtilly
A fine carbuncle set, sawe I.
The stone so cleare was and bright,
That al so sone as it was night
Men might in se to go for nede
A mille or two in length and brede,
Such light ysprange out of that stone."

Shakespeare alludes to the carbuncle in "Titus Andronicus:"

"Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring that lightens all the hole."

Innumerable were the effects produced by certain precious stones; among others the heliotrope had especial virtues. It was called by necromancers the "Babylonian gem," and if rubbed over with the juice of the herb of its own name, it rendered the wearer invisible. In the Middle Ages, the heliotropes which contained many red spots were highly valued from a belief that the blood of Christ was diffused through the stone. The moonstone was, as its name implies, venerated from its supposed lunar attraction. It is

one of the prettiest, though most common of precious stones in Ceylon. Pliny describes it as containing an image of the moon, "which, if the story be true," he observes, "daily waxes or wanes, according to the state of that luminary." Chalcedony hung about the neck dispersed sadness, and if a person carried one perforated, with the hairs of an ass run through it, he would overcome all disasters. Crystal dispelled witchcraft. The chrysoprasus gladdened the heart; the chrysolite expelled phantoms, and, what was more serviceable, rid people of their follies. The onyx, in the Middle Ages, was believed to prevent ugly dreams by night and lawsuits by day. The jasper was a charmer of scorpions and spiders, and was worn as a talisman by the Roman athlete. Burton, in the "Anatomy of Melancholy," tells us that, "if hung about the neck, or taken in drink, it much resisteth sorrow and recreates the heart." The same qualities were attributed to the hyacinth and topaz. The crystal has been the most popular of all oracular stones; a favorite stone was the beryl, "which," says Aubrey, in his "Miscellanies," "is a kind of crystal that has a weak tincture of red; in this magicians see visions." The custom was to consecrate, or "charge" them, as the modern term is, for which purpose set forms were used, which are described in Reginald Scott's "Discovery of Witchcraft." The famous crystal of that prince of quackery, Dr. Dee, is preserved in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.

The properties of the ruby were endless; bruised in water it was a panacea for all complaints; it had the peculiarity, wherever worn, of discovering its presence by its luster, which would shine through the thickest clothes. Powdered agate was an infallible remedy for "all the ills that life is heir to." Pliny quotes the Magi, as teaching in Persia that storms could be averted by burning agates. The amethyst would prove a boon to modern tipplers, if, as the ancients asserted, it prevented intoxication. The sapphire and the emerald strengthened the sight, a property said to have been also possessed by the turquoise; but it could confer a still

more wonderful gift on its wearer: "Whoever," says Van Helmont, "wears a turquoise so that it, or its gold setting, touches the skin, may fall from any height and the stone attracts to itself the whole force of the blow, so that it cracks, and the person is safe." The Romans regarded the diamond with superstitious reverence, and Pliny tells us that it baffles poison, keeps off insanity, and dispels vain fears. Ben Mansur, alluding to the electric properties of the diamond, says: "It has an affinity for gold, small particles of which fly towards it. It is also wonderfully sought after by ants, who crowd over it as though they would swallow it up." A marvelous curative power was supposed to exist in a diamond belonging to the Rajah of Matara, in the Island of Borneo, the Malays believing that a draught of water in which it had been placed, would cure every disease.

In the journal of Sir Jerome Horsay, who was employed as a messenger between Ivan the Terrible of Russia and Queen Elizabeth, is a curious account of the superstitions prevalent at that period (1584). "The old emperor," writes Horsay, "was carried every day in his chair to the treasury. One day he beckoned me to follow. I stood among the rest venerationally and heard him call for some precious stones and jewels. He told the princes and nobles present before and about him, the virtue of such and such, which I observed, and do pray I may a little digress to declare for my memory's sake: 'The loadstone, you all know, hath great and hidden virtue, without which the seas that encompass the world are not navigable, nor the bounds nor the circle of the earth can not be known. Mahomet, the Persian's prophet, his tomb of steel hanga on their Rapetta at Darbent most miraculously.' He caused the waiters to bring a

chain of needles, touched by this loadstone, and hanged all one by the other. 'This fair coral and this fair turcas, you see. Take it in your hand. Of his nature and Orient colors put them on my hand and arm. I am poisoned with disease. You see they show their virtue by the change of their pure color into pale—declares my death. Reach out my staff royal and unicorn's horn, garnished with very fair diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and other precious stones that are rich in value—cost seventy thousand marks sterling of David Gower from the fowlers of Ausborghie. Seek out for some spiders.' He caused his physician, Johannes Lloff, to scrape a circle thereof on the table; put within it one spider, and so one other that died, and some other alive, then run apace from it. 'It is too late, it will not preserve me. Behold these precious stones! The diamond is the Orient's richest and most precious of all others. I never affected it. It restrains fury and luxury; gives abstinence and chastity. The least parcel of it in powder will poison a horse, given in drink, much more a man.' Points at the ruby: 'Oh, this is most comfortable to the heart, brain, vigor, and memory of man, clarifies congealed and corrupt blood.' Then at the emerald: 'The nature of the rainbow, this precious stone is an enemy to uncleanness. The sapphire I greatly delight in; it preserves and increaseth courage, joys the heart; pleasing to all the vital senses, precious and very sovereign for the eyes; cheers the sight; takes away blood-shot, and strengthens the muscles and sinews thereof.' Then takes the onyx in hand: 'All these are God's wonderful gifts, secrets in nature, and yet reveals them to man's use and contemplation as friends to grace and virtue, and enemies to vice. I faint; carry me away till another time.'"

EGYPT IN 1878.

IN heading our article "Egypt in 1878," it makes little difference, so far as national characteristics are concerned, whether we shall be understood to mean B. C. or A. D. Blot out some streaks of railroad, a European style of building in one or two cities, some agricultural machinery, and a few courtiers dressed in French costumes, and Joseph himself, if restored to life, would see little change from the time of his bondage or of his fame. The pyramids would be familiar objects to his eye. Even the Suez Canal, our great modern lion, would be no novelty to him, as, according to Herodotus, its older brother was made by Necho II, five hundred years before Joseph's time, though Strabo gives it a somewhat later origin, which, however, may have been only a renewal. He would see the *fellahs*, as in his own day, not personally enslaved, yet ground down by cruel taskmasters, and raising vast structures of stone for the glory of the government. "The lean kine," along the banks of the river—still the river as much as ever—would remind him of the old sultan, whose dreams he read, and who rewarded this skill of the Hebrew slave by making him his viceroy. And when he examined the present administration he might smile at the absence of progress in the art of government during thirty-five centuries. For he would see Egypt now, as then, placed by command of the modern Pharaoh under the rule of a viceroy to whom he has practically said, "Without thee shall no man lift up his hand or foot in all the land of Egypt; according to thy word shall all my people be ruled; only in the throne will I be greater than thou." He would be surprised and perhaps rather proud to find the policy of the present ruler, as well as his own (both of them, by the way, foreigners), to be the accumulating of real estate. And he would certainly be tempted to self-complaisance when he found that the mills of modern financiers do not grind any more closely than did his own, as the rate of taxation on the peasantry

under Ismail is about the same as under Joseph—a fifth part of all gross earnings.

The vitality of national characteristics in Egypt is strikingly illustrated by the present condition of the country. Notwithstanding successive waves of Persian, Roman, and Saracen invaders, the government and social condition of the country are the same as when Joseph was monfettish. Not a formal constitution, but the genius of a people determines its form of government. As in England, limited monarchy means practical republicanism, "with safeguards against revolution;" as in France a theoretical republic means actual Cæsarism, so in Egypt constitutional forms do not in the least modify a rule as absolute as that of the Pharaohs.

Egypt presents the singular spectacle of a brand-new civilization with its staid broadcloth and cylindrical hats, its Remington rifle and Krupp cannon, not burying the old, scarcely even elbowing it out of position, but finding room for itself to grow on the alluvial lands of Father Nile. The younger Egypt "has risen not on the ruins of, but side by side with the imperishable old—railways and telegraphs, sugar factories and cotton-gins, mingle not incongruously with pyramids and Sphinxes, rock-tombs, temples, and hieroglyphics, dating from before Abraham." The present ruler is one of the most uncommonplace men of this century. His title khedive (ke-deev) means king. He is perhaps the only living man entitled to the common appellation, merchant prince. He is not more a king than he is a farmer, a sugar-refiner, a cotton-raiser and manufacturer, and a civil engineer. He is a hard-working man, busily engaged from twelve to fourteen hours a day attending to all the details of his administration, from the negotiation of a treaty or a loan, to the approval of a contract for coals or machinery. His energy and administrative ability have won for his realm a position and prestige equal to those of a second-class European

kingdom. His one great error has consisted in embarrassing his finances by constructing railroads and canals more rapidly than the wealth of the country developed, a mistake that has also been made in other quarters of the world.

The population of Egypt proper is about five and a half millions; of these the most numerous, and, to at least the "uncommercial traveler," the most interesting, are the Fellaheen, numbering four and a half millions. The *fellah* is the aboriginal inhabitant, occupying to-day, as he has for thousands of years, the lowly position to which the Israelites were reduced during their sojourn in Goshen. His uneventful history has made but slight changes in either his nature or fortune, and his physiognomy and dress are identical with the representations made of him on pyramids and temples four thousand years ago. He is patient and toilsome, oppressed by cruel taskmasters—"the ass couching between two burdens." His condition is a perpetual paradox—a citizen, but ruled by foreigners; a land-owner and a serf; his earnings, beyond what is necessary to a bare existence, wrung from him by tax-gatherers, and yet he toils with the energy and good heart of an American farmer; deprived of all the comforts of life, his food a few dried dates, his raiment a cotton shirt, his home a hut, yet he is uncomplaining, contented, and even happy. For a companion-picture place beside him the modern communist, emerging from a saloon, wiping his mouth of its "lager," and lighting his pipe, and then as he walks down the street, shouting "blood or bread." Most striking sermons on the weakness and strength of civilization and of human nature do these pictures furnish.

John Stuart Mill cites France as a proof that "the greatest good of the greatest number" is attained by having the land divided into minute farms, instead of large ones, as in England. His opponents might cite Egypt as a balancing argument. The *fellah*, despite his abasement, is the proprietor of real estate. Almost all the arable land (excepting one-fifth bought up by the khedive) is divided into small holdings, and there, as

elsewhere, land holding is honorable, and the bitterest insult an angry Egyptian woman can fling at her neighbor is, "Ha! your man has n't got any land."

There is extant a papyrus letter, three thousand years old, describing the present condition of the *fellah* as accurately as though written to-day. It says: "Before he has put the sickle to his crops the locusts have blasted part thereof; then come the rats and birds. If he is slack in housing his crop, the thieves are on him. His horse dies of weariness as it drags the wagon. The tax-collector arrives; his agents are armed with clubs; he has negroes with him who carry whips of palm-branches. They all cry, 'Give us your grain!' and he has no way of avoiding their extortionate demands. Next the wretch is caught, bound, and sent off to work, without wages, at the canals. His wife is taken and chained, his children are stripped and plundered."

The *corvée*, of which the earliest historical notice is in Exodus, has survived till the present. It is the imposition of compulsory labor on the canals and on the khedive's sugar estates, "where for three months in the year large bodies of men are taken in gangs to work, receiving neither wages nor food for themselves and their camels—their wives having to bake and bring bread for their husbands, and the men to supply and feed their own cattle."

This race for so many ages so cruelly oppressed, are physically handsome and well proportioned. The men are tall and muscular, the women finely formed and of a high average of beauty, at least in youth, maturing early, but once out of their teens rapidly withering. Some writers find an excuse for the harshness of the tax-gatherers in the fact that "the Egyptian peasant has been noted in all times, from Cheops to Ismail, for his unwillingness to pay taxes at all." It is said to be a point of honor to bear any amount of punishment rather than disgorge the amount of taxes claimed. Perhaps among ourselves some hard-pressed and sore-dunned debtors during these pinching times would think "the stick" no bad exchange for "the iron" dunning which enters

"into the soul." But after all the record of the misfortunes of the *fellaheen*, we have the verdict of the most intelligent travelers and foreign residents in Egypt, that they are "the most patient, the most pacific, the most home-loving, and withal the merriest race in the world."

About three hundred thousand wandering Arabs pay allegiance to the Egyptian Government. These Bedouins are divided into sixty tribes, retaining the nomadic habits and proud independence of Abraham, their great progenitor. The tribe, whom Moses calls Midianites, who guided the Israelites as far as Ezion Geber, are probably the Tor Arabs of Sinai; and the Alawin, dwelling next to them, are probably the hostile Edomites; "who refused to give Israel passage through his border," and compelled the long *détour* of Mount Hor, and the wanderings of forty years.

Slavery is still very prevalent in Egypt, and its victims are brought from Circassia, Abyssinia, and Central Africa. It would scarcely be proper for us *as yet* to lift our hands in holy horror at this, any more than for the newly reformed drunkard to denounce the intemperance of moderate drinking. It is yet too soon for us to indulge in pious invectives against Egyptian slavery. England waited about twenty years after freeing her colonial slaves, before she began very bitterly to inveigh against her sister countries, who had not followed her example; possibly she might still find some things within her empire not very unlike slavery. We cleared our skirts less than twenty years ago, so we ought, in the interests of decency wait a little longer before our Pharisaic righteousness shall join in the outcry against others. Besides, slavery in Egypt is not nearly so cruel as ours was. The slave is a member of the family, doing the domestic work only, never working in the fields, and scarcely ever even in the stable or garden. The religion, and still more important, the custom of the country, are strongly in favor of clemency to slaves, and during the present reign much has been done to better their condition. An old religious law entitled a slave who was badly treated to insist on be-

ing sold to another master, and the khedive superseded this law by another decreeing complete emancipation for the ill used slave. The masters for some time evaded this law by bringing counter-charges of theft or other offense against any slave who appealed to the courts against them. By this means their servants were generally induced to return to them in preference to enduring the severe punishments of Egyptian justice. To remedy this default, the khedive gave authority to the foreign consuls to examine all cases of alleged ill-treatment, and where proved, to demand from the native authorities the plaintiff's manumission.

The khedive has shown a fair desire to put an end to the slave-trade, upon which the maintenance of slavery in Egypt depends. For many years he was hampered by insurmountable obstacles. When in England, ten years ago, the antislavery societies of England and France asked him to use his influence for its abolition. He told the deputation he was most anxious to put down the slave-trade, that all boats coming down the river under Egyptian colors were carefully examined, but that most of the slave-boats hoisted English, French, or other foreign flag, and from such boats he was debarred the right of search by the European powers. He held the opinion that the only effective way of dealing with the traffic was to arm him with power to prevent Europeans from prosecuting it.

Apart from the essential villainy in slavery, namely, the robbery of human beings of freedom, the most offensive feature of Egyptian slavery is the barbarity of the slave-trade in Central Africa. The king has recently taken an important step toward abolishing it, by appointing Colonel Gordon (Gordon Pasha) Governor-general for life of all his equatorial possessions. "Chinese" Gordon, as he is called in England, is a noted traveler, an able soldier, gifted with indomitable energy and administrative ability, of a deeply religious spirit, the Bible being the constant companion of his travels. He gained his *sobriquet*, when, with two American officers, Burgevin and Ward, he rescued China from its rebels. He is now

devoting all his great and tried powers to the putting down of the slave-trade. In a recently published letter Colonel Gordon says: "I am astounded at the powers he (the khedive) has placed in my hands. With the Governor-generalship of the Soudan, it will be my fault if slavery does not cease, and if these vast countries are not open to the world. So there is an end of slavery if God wills, for the whole secret of the matter is in the Government of the Soudan, and if the man who holds that Government is against it, it must cease."

Foreign residents form an important component of the population of Egypt. Almost all civilized nations meet around the mouth of the Nile in mutual jealousy. Among these, the most prominent are France and England, who are struggling to determine whether the Mediterranean shall be a French or English lake. England holds three keys to the Mediterranean. First comes Gibraltar, fortified according to the canons of the most approved military science, strongly garrisoned, and containing seven years' provisions for the garrison stowed safely away. Next comes Malta, a half-way house between Europe and Africa, nature and art combining to render it as impregnable almost as Gibraltar. The third key is the Suez Canal, which England endeavors to secure by having purchased a controlling number of shares in the Canal Company, and by her political influence. And, last of all, Cyprus is added to her strategical points, and all the Levant lies at her feet. With these keys in her hand, the Mediterranean has become virtually an English lake, and "John Bull's India House" is almost perfectly protected against either burglars or sneak thieves. If she could now secure the Dardanelles, she would have an additional lock. Until the war of 1871, so disastrous for France, that country's star exercised the greatest influence upon Egypt. But since then it has waned, and that of England has arisen in the Egyptian sky, until the wish or will of the British Cabinet has become a law unto Egypt, almost as authoritative as the behests of her ancient Pharaohs, or of the Mediæval Caliphs. While England and France struggle jealously for

pre-eminence, many other nationalities compete for political influence, or at least commercial standing. There are in all about ninety thousand foreign residents, many of whom are employed in the various public offices. A majority of the judges are foreigners. England, France, Austria, Italy, Germany, Russia, Denmark, and the United States, each contributing one; Belgium, Sweden, and Greece, two each; and Holland three. In the other public departments foreigners are about as abundant; and as every nationality insists on representation in almost every office, the number of officials are greatly in excess of the demands of public business. This necessarily increases enormously the expenses of administration, and is one of the chief drawbacks to the khedive's reforms. Misery is said to love company, and perhaps some of our American cities will find comfort in sympathizing with this Eastern people so "grievously vexed with a" government by foreigners.

Egypt is as dependent for her very existence on the waters of the Nile as ever she was. There is not an acre of tilled land but is fertilized directly from the river. The annual rise, caused by the equatorial rains, begins in June and attains its greatest height in the latter part of September. The country is irrigated by eight hundred and forty-six canals, measuring in all eight thousand four hundred miles, of which one hundred and twelve have been constructed during the present reign. The large canals which issue directly from the river tap it at a higher elevation than the district they are intended to irrigate, and from them issue smaller canals which water still lower and more remote sections.

Consul-General De Leon, in his book, entitled "The Khedive's Egypt," gives a most graphic picture of the state of society in Egypt. Social life in Egypt has no apparent change in modern times, in so far as the great bulk of the native population is concerned. This results from the isolation of woman from general society, since it involves also the isolation of man, whose hearth and home are in the harem, where none but he may come. It is true that the women of the

higher class have adopted the fashions, fabrics, and, in some instances, language, of France, and listen to the indecencies of Offenbach's opera bouffé. But they listen or look from a carefully curtained stage-box, and at the theater alone are they allowed even this partial privilege of semi-publicity.

A lady who was present at the marriage of the khedive's eldest daughter, four years since, furnishes an account of the festivities on that occasion. The invited guests passed through an extensive garden, lighted by countless colored lamps, to a richly furnished saloon, where were marshaled the white female slaves of the harem, half of them clad as men. These slaves conducted the guests to a second room, where dancing-girls performed to the music of their own castanets. The guests then passed into large refreshment rooms, where food and drinks were served in both Eastern and Western styles. Refreshments partaken of, the guests were presented to the queen-mother in a vast saloon gorgeously furnished, capable of accommodating thousands of persons. Then the guests reclined on divans covered with rich silks, while the dancing-girls again performed, and received valuable rewards. Then the bride appeared, walking through an avenue of her dusky household servants. The guests stood up as the princess advanced, and as she passed along, girls stationed on raised chairs behind the visitors, showered on them from baskets a quantity of small gold coins, struck off expressly for the purpose, many of which lodged in the hair or dress of the guests. The lady who furnished this account found, on disrobing at night, fifteen or twenty dollars worth of them.

Of Egyptian antiquities we have all heard and read from our school-days down; but there they are to-day much as they were thousands of years ago. Mr. Kinglake's magnificent paragraph on the Sphinx, which, according to Mariette Bey, was already old before the Great Pyramid was built, and which stands "gazing straight on with calm, eternal eye" across sixty centuries, is especially noteworthy. He says: "Upon ancient

dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian kings, upon Greek and Roman, upon Arab and Ottoman conquerors, upon Napoleon, dreaming of an Eastern empire, upon battle and pestilence, upon the ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race, upon keen-eyed travelers—Herodotus yesterday, Warburton to-day—upon all, and more this unworldly Sphinx has watched, and watched like a Providence, with the same earnest eyes, and the same sad, tranquil mien. And we, we shall die, and Islam wither away; and the Englishman, straining far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and sit in the seats of the faithful; and still that shapeless rock will lie watching and watching the works of the new busy race, with those same sad, earnest eyes, and the same tranquil mien everlasting. You dare not mock at the Sphinx."

The civilized and Christian world owes a great debt to Egypt. Civilization found a home and was nurtured in her breast; though, as Ulysses carried off the sacred image from Troy, foreign invaders ravished the Palladium of human culture from the shelter which was perhaps alike its birthplace and its cradle. We remember gratefully that twice the spiritual hopes of mankind found a home, though indeed an inhospitable one, in the same land—the sons of Jacob and the Son of Mary. By the rough hospitality there received Israel was forged into a sturdy nation, inured to obedience, patience, and self-reliance, and fitted for the sacred trust of the covenant of promise. Its sojourn in Egypt furnished a long chapter in the only Providential history of a nation ever published. Her influence upon the spiritual interests of men does not yet seem exhausted, for within the last five years she has furnished England with a new religion. Some scholars in London have adopted as their creed that the great pyramid at Ghizeh, with its mathematical proportions, and astronomical disclosures, hinting at prophecies, is God's all-sufficient revelation; and so in a new and enlarged sense, they find "sermons in stones."

DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS.

AMONG the mottoes of English families, few are better known than this—"Live while you live"—chiefly because of the happy paraphrase of Dr. Doddridge, who inherited it with his family crest:

"Live, while you live,"—the Epicure would say,
 'And seize the pleasure of the present day,'
 'Live, while you live,'—the sacred preacher cries,
 'And give to God each moment as it flies.'
 Lord, in my views let both united be;
 I live in pleasure when I live to thee."

Most of our readers will remember that Dr. Johnson spoke of this as one of the very finest epigrams in our language. It is, however, a converted epigram; it is not probable that when the original motto was first expressed it was intended to convey the sense which Doddridge gave to it; it is like one of the jewels of Egypt adorning an Israelite on his way through the wilderness. The classics and the classical languages are full of words to whose concise elegance a Christian sentiment has given an additional charm, not transforming, but, in a noble sense, expanding. The sentiment of the motto is, without doubt, as Doddridge has said, Epicurean; it is, says an amiable writer in commenting upon it, "a dubious and worldly sounding motto;" and he further remarks, "It is difficult to get a quite holy Christian sentiment into the motto by reason of the 'while you live,' which mars its adaptableness more seriously than at once appears. It shuts out eternity so jealously, and makes death into a gloom and a finish so obstinately, and the 'while' is so wholly alien from affinity of any thing whatever, that Dr. Doddridge did but, after all, make a very brilliant beast of a bad business." It seems that the intention of the motto might originally have been that old Epicurean philosophy of the pursuit of pleasure for its own sake as the end of life; live to enjoy—"let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die;" hence the skull, or skeleton, at the ancient feast was not there to impair but to promote hilarity and enjoyment. But as the great St. Basil said,

"The study of truth in the classical and Gentile writers is like gazing on the sun in water in order that we may be able to look up to the true light;" and Gregory the Great says, "We are instructed by them in such secular wisdom that our minds may be more capable of receiving that which is divine." Basil says, again, "As in culling a rose we avoid the thorns, so in such discourses let us enjoy the good, and be on our guard against that which is hurtful." In this spirit Doddridge appears to have paraphrased his family motto; he threw over it a spell and a charm until, as with the varied languages of the day of Pentecost, its words were "filled with the Holy Ghost, and it spake with another tongue as the Spirit gave it utterance."

What innumerable crowds there are of whom it may be said, they never live. Some meandering along the ways of life in dignified dullness, and some scarcely attaining even to so much sensation as that—living in a sort of oyster-bed, crawling stupidly along like a crab or a lobster—creatures curious to contemplate; or lying like a jelly-fish upon the shores of existence, utterly insensible to the thunder and the melody of life's great and solemn waves. A well-known writer, in his "Sea Side Studies," remarking upon molluscs, suggests a singular human analogy. Molluscs, he says, have their little world, and are as perfectly constructed for it as we are who condescend to notice, and patronizingly admire them; but they hear nothing of the marvelous inflections of speech, tremulous tenderness of affection, the harsh trumpet tones of strife, the musical intonations of mirth; denser than the deafest adder will they remain, charm we never so wisely: insensible to music, to Beethoven's melodious thunder, Handel's choral might, Mozart's tender grace, the mollusc can only perceive noises, only recognizes loudness; a wave of sound agitates the otoliths in his ear, and their agitation communicates to the ganglion a

sensation of sound loud in proportion to the agitation. The description of the shell-fish might without any alteration be appropriated to some pieces of human nature, men and women who do not live indeed, and even to those who only live for coarser pleasures—those of whom the apostle says, "Living in pleasure, they are dead while they live."

It is a rememberable moment when we begin to live indeed—to perceive that "life is real, life is earnest." Just such a moment is described in the interesting life of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, when he was yet quite a youth, with the germ of noble qualities in him, but unawakened, undeveloped—that critical time of character; school life and friendships had not touched into awakening the powers of the soul which were in after years to exert themselves so potently upon an extended scale in the interests of the human race; and just at this time (probably about seventeen) he visited the seat of the Gurney family at Earlham, and there his mind received the impulse which throughout life pressed upon it continuously; in the grand old hall he found a family—from its widowed head, through all its younger members—in earnest; all alive; four girls and three boys, they were all "living." It was a revelation to him. They received the youth as one of themselves, and his masterly, although then uncultivated, mind fell, say rather rose, beneath the fascination of their influence.

It was a charming little instance, one of many which might be sighted, of life in earnest. The presentiment of love, perhaps, had something to do with the magic of the influence. In after years this noble young man married into the family which first stirred the pulse of high moral and intellectual life within him; but this only leads to the further remark, that a pure and holy love itself becomes an invocation, and says to the young heart, "Aspire, be worthy: live, while you live!" There is no finer definition of this "living while we live" than the aphorism of Thomas Binney: "Be a whole man—to one thing at one time," gathering all the powers to one great purpose,

and thus discovering how, in their happy fraternity, they yield a rich reward of pleasure.

There is an interesting little parable, how, once upon a time, two travelers set forth, choosing their separate paths; the names of the travelers were Duty and Pleasure. Pleasure pursued its flower strewn way along what at first, seemed a road all sunshine and delight; but as the day went on the pathway became monotonous, and even dull and wearisome, aimless and unsatisfactory; it was found that it had its thorns and rough stones too. Duty, on the other hand, choose what seemed a more stern, dull, and uninteresting, although well-defined path, until in the way Duty suddenly and unexpectedly came up against the spot where Pleasure lay asleep beneath a forest tree. Duty awoke Pleasure from her slumbers, and then henceforth they went on together, hand in hand; and the pathway of Duty and Pleasure became one. This is no doubt that which Doddridge indicates in his epigram: the life of mere sensation can not be a high life; and it is this sentiment which is pleasingly versified by Archbishop Trench, when he says:

"Oh, righteous doom, that they who make
Pleasure their only end,
Ordering the whole life for its sake,
Miss that whereto they tend.
While they who bid stern duty lead,
Content to follow, they,
Of duty only taking heed,
Find pleasures by the way."

The poet Cowper also, in well-known and beautiful verses, tells the story of the traveler, beneath the enchantment in the wilderness, beholding castles and groves; finding his senses bewitched by sweet music, until suddenly, the charm dissolves apace; he wakes up from the seductive spell to find himself alone in the dreary wilderness. And such is life, until we are able to find a higher solace than ever could be given from the enchantment of the senses; expressing, in the language of Scripture, the meaning of the last line of our epigram, "Doing all to the glory of God."

Living to purpose; living for that which occupies and interests the heart, is

living indeed; life with a loving heart in it; indeed, that only can be called life which is intensely interesting, by its high aims, to its possessor, and that which interests us metes and proportions our pleasures and our satisfactions to us. Life is what we make it; the higher the life, the more intense the satisfaction and the enjoyment. Some lives are very intense; we speak of them as very short, brief—consumed, it seems, in one glorious moment. We foolishly feel a pity for a life which seemed to us so soon to pass away as in one great, glorious deed—a great action like that of General Wolfe or Sir John Moore; a zealous missionary, like Henry Martin; an eloquent preacher, like Thomas Spenser, drowned at twenty-one; a pastor, like Robert Murray M'Cheyne; a poet, like Kirke White. But such lives are not so short after all. "He liveth long who liveth well." Living while they lived, such persons gather up into a few years, or one or two performances, an intensity of duty and enjoyment we could scarcely wish to see spread out and attenuated through three-score years and ten; and then, on the other hand, the same principle of pleasure finding its repose in duty gives the same mild luster of sweet enjoyment to old age. "Has the reader ever looked, perhaps, at John Wesley's last signature in the Journal of the conference? He will find it difficult to make out a single letter of the name as it straggles over the paper from the poor, weak, glorious hand; but at that very time a son of the poet Crabbe, attended by his father, heard him preach at Lowestoft. The chapel, he says, was crowded to suffocation. The old patriarch was assisted up into the pulpit, and was supported there, while preaching, by a young minister on either side, and he touched the heart of the great poet by one of the finest appropriations from Anacreon, the very classic poet of pleasure; his lips stammered out:

"Oft am I by women told,
 Poor Anacreon! thou grow'st old!
 See, thine hairs are falling all;
 Poor Anacreon! how they fall!
 Whether I grow old or no,
 By these signs I do not know;

By this I need not to be told,
 'Tis time to live if I grow old."

The great poet testifies how impressed he was by his cheerful air, and the beautiful cadence he gave to lines which assuredly are jewels from Egypt. Astonishing indeed to old Anacreon, could he have foreseen that his Bacchanalian lyrics could ever have found themselves in such a company. Men who have lived indeed, carrying action, thought, and affection down to so remote a period of life—perhaps far beyond fourscore years—with a cheery disposition, may look round and say, "I am not so old, you see, after all!"

The life of Doddridge exemplified the spirit of his epigram; no life has been more rudely, not to say even recklessly, laid bare. All his most confidential letters—all those which might be called the almost foolish and buoyant overflowings of his young nature, before life settled with him into its serious purpose. It was a hardly worked life; he intermeddled with every kind of knowledge, kept up an incessant correspondence with all orders of men—bishops, noblemen, men of science, ministers; preaching, lecturing to his students, reading from vast and varied treasures of literature; traveling. Always a buoyant and cheerful nature, the eye detects nothing that was inconsistent with this line of his epigram. God, in Christ, was at the center of all his thoughts, ambitions, actions, and enjoyments. His hymns are amongst the most beautiful in our language. As expressing the sentiment of his far-famed epigram, his life was a greatly consistent life, and on his death he might have expressed the words of his well-known hymn:

"I'd speak the honors of thy name
 With my last laboring breath;
 Then, speechless, clasp thee in mine arms,
 The antidote of death."

Fine and true sentiments move us even by themselves, although they come from lives not wholly consistent; but it is very beautiful when, as in Doddridge's case, we are able to say, that man lived his own epigram, and in the noblest sense fulfilled the motto given to his family through so many ages before he was born.

AMONG THE THORNS.

CHAPTER XX.

AUNT Patience rose from her knees, and moved softly about in the moonlight. She would not make a light or a sound lest Ruby should waken. To her supplication for the sad ones under the roof, she had added a thanksgiving for the one sleeping, as she believed, with a happy heart. Crowded as she was with other thoughts, she yet missed the good-night talk with Ruby, who was accustomed to creep very close to her in the darkness. Yet the motherliness of her nature would not let her break the dear child's rest. Whenever the talk was omitted, she had crept in and kissed her as she slept, and to-night, more than ever, she longed to atone by added tenderness for the cruelty of such thoughts of her as had been uttered in the library below.

Ruby not Robert's child! She felt as if Robert himself had heard the insult and would arise from his grave to protect her. She was strengthened in her own purpose to befriend and hold her dearer than ever; but though the night was far spent, she did not go in to Ruby's bed.

And there, her white face in her hands, trying to hide herself from herself, or from the consciousness that she was alive, was Ruby waiting, longing for the kiss and the word, and the tender touch of the hand that had never failed her before. She hardly knew how she reached her room. And when her face was buried in the pillows, it seemed as if she had just wakened from a dream. She did not remember how she came to be lying there, cold and alone. Her real, conscious, living self had not moved on one step beyond the moment when she heard the dreadful words uttered at the library door. They had come in an overwhelming tide, deluging her consciousness and drowning out for the time being every thing else. She was not a heroine of the sort that could at once resolve on silent suffering. If Aunt Patience had come in, had spoken to her, had touched her, the touch might have

marked the turning of the tide, and its slow receding revealed some point of comfort, now submerged and out of sight. But the night wore on and Patience did not come. Why not? Ruby never would need her more, and she never had more love to meet the young girl's need. Will the veils that here so often hide from our sight the souls that need us most be riven further on? Shall we see face to face, rid forever of this blinding, baffling something that hides our opportunity to help? Is it true that in our souls exists a nameless power to know when others need our ministry even here and now? a power that grows in proportion as the soul obeys the divine impulse to help? Is it true that he who never fails to help where he does see, never will fail to see where he can help? Be that as it may, the night of sorest need wore on and Aunt Patience missed her chance. And Ruby, with new suspicion born of her new sorrow, wondered if she withheld from Marah's what she would have given Robert's child. And she recalled the moment in the conservatory when Hugo hastened from her sight last night. Perhaps Hugo knew and he too had shunned her.

And Graham, when he came to know, what could he do, but turn away from her too? Now she could see, she thought, why Uncle Richard had for a long time seemed to dislike her,—why Aunt Clara had seasons of displeasure and apparent disgust,—why Marah, and Marah only, clung to her and loved her with real devotion. The demons of distrust had been long quiet in her heart; but she knew now, by her quick suspicion of all these friends, that they were neither driven out nor dead.

At thought of Marah, a strange and rebellious resentment swept over her.

"Her child! not Robert's? not Lucia's? but Marah's—then she was the daughter of a slave. No wonder they hated her. She hated herself. Yet they would speak and

look and act as if they loved her, and she could not bear it. And this was what they called 'God's taking care of her.' This"—and suddenly her resentful thought was checked by the memory of Graham's words, "He alone *never* fails. In God alone there is certainty and repose!"

"He alone!"

The words stood up like a rock in the sea of her troubles. The waters beat against them, but they did not go under again.

"Had he not cared for her?" What would have been her fate if he had not taught some one to care? If the story was true, if Marah was a slave, Ruby knew what that meant. She had so far escaped Marah's fate. Surely so far God had cared. For love had been her shield, and love, so Aunt Patience said, was of God. Her heart softened toward Marah, poor sufferer, who had not escaped. Out of her new misery seemed born a pitying purpose to protect Marah, and in this purpose she forgot for a moment to pity her own self. And that pity was of God. So ere the dawn broke there crept over her soul a faint, timid feeling that he, the sure one, who had cared, would care for her still. The dear child's life was terribly stricken in this second sorrow, but not altogether rebellious and not altogether afraid.

She spent all the next day high up by the vine-clad window, in the studio of Herr Baume. She kept her easel before her, but the old professor saw her thoughts were roving away over the tops of the chimneys, among the white clouds in the sky. He pretended to grow impatient.

"I veel not have it so," he said. "You have not right, mein fraulein, to pring me up mein winding shtair die finger und die prush together, all alone. I veel have the soul as vell. I vill geef mein lesson ven I have mein arteest; I vill not geef to young fraulein, who prings no heart, no soul, no speerit to her vork."

But Ruby knew his fondness for her too well to mind his talk, and the good Frau Baume lighted his pipe and sent him away for a walk; and then, seeing the smile of thanks in Ruby's eyes, stole away herself

with her knitting, first throwing a night-cap over the cage of the astonished canaries. What was it whispered to the kindly simple soul that Ruby could not bear to hear them sing? When she brought in the tiny cup of chocolate, Rubetta knew it was a reminder that it was time to go home. The dear old lady did not wish her loved professor to return and find her there, and the picture still untouched. She feared he would say to Rubetta what he had already said to her:

"Mein fraulein ist not any more goot for notings. I tink already she is in lofe!"

Knowing how anxious he was to accumulate that which would take him back to Deutschland, the old lady ventured to remind him that the fraulein paid him for his time, and he was not wise to drive away his best pupil by fretting over her lack of promise.

"And vill you I takes her money ven she takes notings back? You is von vicked voomans, mein frau. No, no; eef she pring me not ze spirit, I geef not ze time, I takes not the money, I takes a walk. Ven I veel haf no more conscience I veel get no more eenspiration, I veel no more be arteest."

And he clung to his honesty and went without his money, and longed all the same for his dear old Faderland.

Ruby stopped at the art gallery on the way home, and walked straight to the picture that was so full of life and light. There it hung just as before; but "the time of the singing of birds" was past. She was breasting the swelling floods, and there was no one to carry her across; but she thought she saw a little gleam of fair green fields beyond, a little thread of reason and meaning in it all.

In the swiftly succeeding days she kept herself very busy, and as much as possible away from Hugo and Aunt Patience. They talked much together, for both were full of the new business plan for Thornton, and she, poor child, fancied they talked of her. Hugh stayed away from her a little, too, for he feared she might detect his trouble, which of all things he wished to conceal. He had given himself utterly to his work, the redemption of what was lost and salva-

tion of what remained. Until that was done she must never know how he loved her. Perhaps, by and by, when strength had been given to go through all, and he had succeeded, he would tell her how she had been his one hope and joy and inspiration in all. Perhaps, by that time, she would have learned to love him, and meantime he would love her with all his heart, for without this how could he live at all? He passed many hours with Monteith, to whom he opened his heart so far as he could and not compromise any one. Such was his trust in this his first and only man friend, that he could have shared his inmost experience with him, trusting as men rarely trust men, and as women, notwithstanding the general notion to the contrary, still more rarely trust women. It was almost an ideal friendship between them, as real and strong as if it had been founded on a knowledge of years. If Hugh could have entered into Monteith's work, it would have been to him apprenticeship to the noblest labor he could conceive under the noblest master he had ever known. He did not hesitate to lay before Gray the facts of the trembling fortunes of the house, and his desire to infuse it with new life, and to do this without trespassing upon his father's pride; but he breathed no word concerning his doubt of his father's honor. That sad secret he guarded as something between himself and God, and the other secret of his love for Ruby, which he never meant to betray again, until he had proved himself strong enough to protect and great enough to crown her life with joy.

Of his first secret Graham knew more than Hugh guessed, but of the second he never dreamed. Hugh seemed to him like Ruby's brother. He comprehended the rare quality of his nature, and felt the strain it was undergoing, with strong desire to stand by him in the fight and see him conquer. He coveted Hugh for himself and his own work, but failing of that he still tried to be a sharer of Hugh's life and work by making them as much as possible his own.

So it happened that in these days he was much at the house, but much with Hugh, who lost no opportunity of securing his sug-

gestion and counsel. When one night Graham announced that he must not longer delay his return to England, a great shadow seemed to fall upon the home, and especially upon the young hearts in which he held already so large a place. Rubetta had watched him with Hugo's busy plans and theories and endless talks, and had kept away; but now that he was going, going, and she should perhaps never see him again, she longed for the hours she had failed to grasp as they sped. He was going—and before he came again what dreadful things might befall! While he was there she had felt him such a tower of strength. She had not known till now what a refuge from herself and her own troubled thoughts his almost daily presence had been. Seeing how she shunned him, and fearing he had frightened her by showing his love too soon, he kept the feeling of his heart from creeping to his eyes or voice. But she dated the silence, or, rather, the absence of whatever it was she missed from his speech, from that dreadful night, and suspected that he too knew the story Marah had told to Uncle Dick.

Upon no member of the household did the news of Graham's departure fall pleasantly save Mrs. Thorn. For some time she had been wishing she might go out to Floy, and this combined a favorable opportunity with a desirable escort. Her mild suggestions were not long in growing to decided clamors, for she was not accustomed to be denied. When it was arranged that she should go, all united in preparing her for the journey. After a short time Monteith meant to return, and could bring her back if she wished. To no one else would Hugh have trusted her, but Monteith promised his personal protection till he saw her in the presence of her daughter. Richard made no objection, and Aunt Patience was as assiduous in preparing for her comfort as Rachel could have been had Patience been the one to go. A trusty maid, familiar with her moods and whims, accompanied her, and she went laden with loving messages for Floy, and excited and sorry at the last that she had decided to go. She said "she felt driven out of her home." "She would never

have gone if, when she proposed it, they had not all joined in." She knew she should be ill and die and never see home again; and yet had any one prevented her going, she would never have forgotten that "above all things she longed to go." Hugh begged Monteith to become acquainted with Harry and to let Harry know him, and when Gray promised Hugh felt as if some great thing had been done; for to know Graham seemed to him a liberal education in all that was noble and good.

They sailed at early morning, and, contrary to the family custom, all went to the dock, that Mrs. Thorn might not feel neglected at the last. At the parting moment, as some one shouted "All ashore as is goin' ashore," just as Aunt Clara was working up a case of first-class hysterics, Monteith bent to say good-bye to Ruby. She gave him her hand. It was not quite steady, but he held it in a way that supplied both warmth and strength.

"I never went away from America before with sorrow," he said, seriously; "but I shall come back with joy."

She tried to speak, but the words died on her lips.

"I mean," he added, "I shall come back with joy if I may come for you."

No answer.

"All ashore that 's goin' ashore," broke in upon the next words. She did not hear them, and Hugh's hand touched her shoulder.

"Come, cousin, they are off, and we shall go too if we are not quick."

"Would you like to go?" asked Gray, still keeping her hand as he led her to the plank.

"Oh yes; if only I might."

"Then it is *au revoir*, and not good-bye," he said, smiling back into her eyes. But she answered:

"No, it is good-bye."

"I will not accept it. Good-byes are for those who part. I never go away from you."

And Hugh had been nearer than Graham thought, and he had heard it, too; not all, but enough to fill him with trembling and doubt. She surely had answered "No, it is good-bye," but her sad face revealed how hard it was to let him go. Poor Hugo! he

was not ready for this new torment, and she had surely said "good-bye."

He could not believe she loved Graham, that Graham could take her away from him. He forgot he had tried not to have Gray know; he forgot that Ruby did not know how he cared for her, and it seemed cruel, so cruel to him at first. The aggressive spirit of manhood was aroused in him. He did not propose to give Rubetta up to any stranger, however good or noble he might be. He ought to have foreseen that others would love her; but here was a matter in which others must take their chances with him. It was not the man who loved her best, but he who made her love him, who should win her. And the mightiest love must win. And no man did, no man could love her as he did. Did he love her enough to give her up if she wanted to go to Gray? No—yes—yes, if it should be true; but it should not come true. He did not choose to have it true. And so over and over again as the days went on, crowded with other cares, the old, sad story wrought itself out in his experience till, by and by, he hid the whole subject away in his heart, and the habit of patience came to lie at last like a stone above the grave of his pain.

And meantime the business went on, and the work at Thornton began. Hugh went up sometimes alone, sometimes with Aunt Patience, and after a while Ruby went up also, to pass a little time at the Farms. So charmed was she with the quiet country life that she entered with something like her old enthusiasm into the pursuits of those about her. She wanted to know all about kitchen and dairy, and shared with Rachel her sympathy and scorn of the "shiftlessness" of Nancy, and the lack of discipline for the children of Silas Stubbs. She took long walks with what Rachel called "messes," which Patience ordered to be cooked for the sick. She became so interested in the village schools that she would have been willing to present herself for examination and have undertaken a school herself provided that would have secured her Nancy's children as pupils. She took long rides with Patience to the farm-houses on the hills and

the manufacturing villages along the river; for Patience knew every home, and while the starting of the shops and mills supplied the men with work, she was always helping the women in one way or another either to earn or to save. Great lessons Rubetta learned of how to aid without enervating or wounding the self-respect of the recipient.

A distinct class by themselves are the native New England country poor. Nowhere else will be found such poverty and self-respect combined. Nowhere else the women will rear a household on the proceeds of the sale of dried apples, doing it bravely and never telling that their only hope hangs on a sour apple tree. Nowhere else will you find the freshest monthly and the highest toned journals of the day on the oil-cloth covered table of women who earn them by taking in the washing of Summer boarders. The poor of this class are "*folks* as much as any body," and you can not hurt them more than to take for granted that they are willing their poverty should be known. To help such people is delicate work that comes up into the high art of charity. And this high art Patience Thorn knew to perfection. If old Aunt 'Bijah Perkins wanted to make her a "dish o' tea 'cause she looked kinder beat out," she let her do it, and praised the old blue china cup in which it came, till Aunt 'Bijah said it "seems 's if 't was 'most good 's new."

They were all her friends, and they soon became Rubetta's friends as well. She renewed here her old habit of being much in the saddle, and, with Hugh beside her, on a strong, black horse, such as he had coveted when a boy, they went from farm to farm, from mill to mill, or village to village, making, as the good dames said, peeping from behind the paper shades of their windows, "as putty a couple as ye mos' jinnally see." Hugh talked to her of his plans, and she entered into them with such heartiness and pleasure that he almost forgot what pain was hidden away in his heart, for such flowers of present pleasure seemed to be growing there.

Once they were riding home in the twilight, and he had been telling her how well

the work was opening; how glad the people were to have it going on; how the grog-shops seemed to be the only places losing. Every thing else seemed brisk and bright, and he felt the work to be done among this people was as important as that offered him by Monteith.

"It is of the same character, Cousin Ruby, and it makes no sort of difference *where* it is done. There is need of practical helpfulness every-where."

"Yes, Hugo; and I am glad you undertook this instead of that beyond the sea; for here I can help you, and there I could not. I am going to know every girl in that cotton mill sooner or later, Hugh."

What demon tempted him he could not tell; but before he knew he was going to speak, he had said,

"But what shall I do when you are gone?"

She looked at him surprised; then a swift fear that it might be they could not always let her stay came to her, and she was silent.

"You know you will marry some day, Ruby, and, just as we get every thing working, go away to help some other man."

She began to understand him.

"I shall never marry, Hugo."

"Do you mean it, Cousin Rubetta?"

She noticed how often he said cousin of late; he never used to say cousin. Was it to remind her that whatever might be the fact he did not cast her off?

"Yes, I mean it."

He drew his horse nearer in the dusk. They could only hear the hoofs on the solid ground. Over head a star came in sight.

"Ruby, I have thought for a long time that you would go to help Mr. Monteith in his work some day."

He paused as if he would have said more. Another star came out, and another—one for each word she spoke as she said softly:

"Dismiss that thought, Hugo, for I never shall."

"Then will you not stay always by *my* side and help me in *my* life. I love you Ruby! I need you!"

Ah! he was forgetting, but he did not need to check himself; she did it for him.

"No, no, dear Hugo; not that, either. I love you too. I want to stay near you always, but I shall never marry any one."

He was silent, and a cloud suddenly swept between him and the stars.

"Then it was good-bye and not '*au revoir*' to Gray?"

"Yes," she faltered, but she was so glad Hugo could not see her face.

"And it is good-bye and not '*au revoir*' to me?"

"Yes, Hugo, so far as that subject is concerned, it is good-bye."

No more was said. The hoofs kept pattering down the sand. Aunt Patience was waiting for them in the porch.

"You are so late, my children," she said, anxiously.

"Yes, we lingered, auntie," said Ruby.

"For what, I wonder, when you knew Rachel's supper was waiting?"

She made no answer; but Hugo kissed her, and said, "I was watching for the stars to come out, auntie mine."

"And were you rewarded?"

"No, auntie, they did not shine for me. But is n't it blessed to think there are stars, no matter for whom they may be?"

Rachel came in, grim and solemn. She did not like to have the good things get cold. The suppers were her pride, and if any thing could have tempted them to hunger it was such food as she prepared. When the meal was over she backed out of the room, with teapot in one hand, and cream-jug in the other, leaving only her face with which to beckon Hugh. This she did with grimaces that to a stranger would have suggested St. Vitus's Dance. He followed her, and after deliberately wiping her face on her apron, she drew from her pocket a telegram.

"I hate them things," she said, holding the buff-colored envelope at arms' length between her thumb and finger. "Somehow they allers make me think of Nancy's last baby, with the colic inside and a yaller flannel night gown on. Miss Patty never got one yet, 'thout ther was a pain doubled up inside on't, suthin' sure to hurt." And all the time she talked she was watching Hugh's face, intensely anxious lest this

"yaller night-gown" too held "suthin' to hurt."

"It's only about business, Rachel," said Hugh, cheerfully, catching the meaning of her anxious gaze. "I must take a run to the city by the midnight train; I want to be there in the morning; so tell Silas to be ready to drive me over to the station." She was not satisfied, but as he said no more she went about her work saying "nothin' to nobody," "doing a heap o' thinkin'"—all the same.

Hugh told Aunt Patience the dispatch was from the confidential clerk, telling him that unless certain payments, falling due almost immediately, could be met, the house would be obliged to suspend. She had drawn heavily already on her own resources for the starting of the mills, yet she placed in Hugh's hands every available security to be used, if on examination they would avail any thing. Hugh knew this would be but a drop in the sea of debts, and that he would not use it; but he took it, and she was happier, feeling she had done what she could.

When he reached the city, in the early dawn, he went directly to the man who had sent for him,—an old man, who had been in the firm's employ when Richard entered it, strong and young. He had been one of the first to know and trust Hugh, and to detect the purpose of his great anxiety about the business. His voice trembled and his eyes filled with tears as he saw in the younger face traces of months of anxiety crowded into one sleepless night.

He told Hugh that until recently, whenever emergencies came, Richard had, at the last, produced the money to meet them, from some source unknown to him; but though the day was at hand, he had given no intimation of a purpose to provide for this deficiency.

"Was he at the office yesterday?"

"Yes, and every day; but you know the bravest of us understand when he is not to be approached or questioned. I dared not wait; indeed I dared not wait," said the old man nervously. "I feared for him, Mr. Hugh; I felt you should be here. He will

talk to you, perhaps, and tell you what he means to do; at any rate you can comfort him when the blow falls, if indeed"—and he glanced at Hugh as if to read some hope in his face—"if indeed we can not avert it."

They breakfasted hurriedly together, and went to the counting-rooms, where they secured two hours before the opening of the business day. They spent it in examining into the true condition of things, and the iron sank deeper into the young man's soul when he saw the entries that showed where his father had come to their aid in previous critical times. Whence had the sums come that had bridged these awful chasms and saved the plunge into the abyss of ruin? He did not know what private resources his father had, and while he doubted and feared, he did not cease to chide his doubts or to love his father with a pitiful and tender love.

Only the night before, at the very moment when Rachel was hiding in her pocket the "yellow night-gown" that had the pain doubled up inside," Richard had turned homeward, with a step more halting and a face more haggard than it had ever worn before. He made no effort to brighten it as he mounted the steps, for he would meet no one inside from whom he needed to hide his care. Tom would be there to serve his lonely dinner; his wife was in Europe and the others were at the Farms. It was the first time they had ever all gone at once and left him alone. How glad he was to be alone, yet he longed unutterably for a sight of Hugh's young face. He had been terribly burdened all day, but until this moment he had not felt alone. He wondered if the evening train would not bring Aunt Patience down, or Hugh may be, or Ruby—no he did not want Ruby; but *some one*, it seemed to him he must have some one come. He asked Tom if there were no letters, no telegrams; but there was nothing to say they were near. Well, why should he mind? why did he want them so, he asked himself, when, one by one, he had driven them away and shut his heart from all the ministry they would have given? He wandered restlessly from room to room. Poor Clara! she was safe beyond reach of the trouble, he

thought, and he even felt the stirring of a pitiful sort of tenderness for her. He called her "Poor Clara!" and wondered if he had been a different man if he could have made her life a happy one. He lingered in the library, and finally sank into his own leather-bound chair. Every night since the others left he had done the same thing, wandered through all the rooms, and then sat the night out here with no company but his thoughts and the half-scared Tom—wonderfully quiet and well-behaved since Lloyd Allen told him it was useless for him to think to evade him. He really was superstitious enough to believe Lloyd must have "dat kind ob ebil eye de debble gibs folks sometimes, dat sees when a nigger done do n't behave hisself." And he was terrified too at his master's troubled looks and ways. So this black specter was the only one Richard encountered, and he took no more notice of him than he did of the bronze statues that adorned his rooms.

Alone, through all these silent nights the silent man had been meeting the results of his life. He had risked all and lost all. He had made venture after venture, and the last had failed. He had wrecked the honor of his manhood; he had done things that if known would disgrace the name that had never been stained before; he had destroyed the future of his son, and robbed and ruined his brother's child. And where he had hoped to succeed he had failed; and where he had hoped to gain he had lost. All the giving himself to evil had brought him only shame. He had sowed the wind, and the mutter of the whirlwind was already in the air. He had used sum after sum, now in the business, now in speculation, in order to replace that used in business, till most of that which Robert left was gone. Sometimes he had made himself believe it was a *duty* to risk more to retrieve that which was gone, and sometimes he had used it to meet some pressing need. And now the cords of the net-work of sin were tightening, and cut and hurt him, only drawing closer whichever way he tried to escape. There was one chance more, only one—there were the jewels of Robert's wife. They would tide over the

coming crisis; but just ahead would there not rise another? Each time he had thought the billow that threatened to overwhelm him was the last, and there was smooth sea beyond; but if he sold the jewels and met this wave, another would show its white storm-cap in the distance before this one was gone. He drew the jewels from the safe where he had placed them on that night when Lloyd had brought them, and Ruby had placed them in his charge, and looked them over—rare old jewels, such as any noble signora of the brightest days of Rome might have been proud to wear, in quaint old settings that would have done credit to the skill of the Castellani. He knew their beauty and their worth. He knew a dealer who would be glad of them too; but as he gazed, holding a necklace of intagli in his hand, his harassed thought ceased to follow his will, and began to revert to the woman who had left these for her daughter, the woman whom Robert loved. And with her face came the thought of Ruby, Robert's child, and the time when she had offered him her all. And with the two came a thought of Robert himself, and the three-fold cord pulled at his soul with a strength he could neither understand nor resist. He fancied in the darkness that they drew near, that three hands touched the box. One was small and rosy, and it offered to him the gift; but two of the hands were white and cold, like the hands of the dead, and they held the other back, while voices whispered to him, "And can you not leave her these?" He pushed them back hastily and rose from the table, but the strange fancy haunted him still. "Leave her these!" "Leave her these!" seemed to be whispered in the air. Was he going mad? Was he losing his senses? he asked, as he turned to leave the room. Tom met him at the door. "A lady to see Miss Thorn, asks me when she will be at home? Will you see her?"

"Who is she?"

"Dunno. Reckon some Miss Ruby's teachers. Looks like poor white folks," muttered Tom. "Seems to want to know berry much."

"Show her in."

She came, not like poor white folks, but like a lady; and Richard knew her before the veil swept back that revealed the face of Marah.

She was worn and white and thin, like one who had long been ill. But she no longer quailed or trembled in the presence of one who had wrought her such sorrow. The two seemed to have changed places. His was the pallor now, and the trembling voice and hand. And yet it was not fear that shook him, but a strange overmastering sense of a power he could not resist. He eyed her with horror, as if she were the Nemesis of his dreams. She showed no emotion, but, approaching the table, she laid her hand upon the jewels, and said in a whisper:

"And will you not leave her these?"

"Yes, yes; but who sent you? Did you come from the dead, Marah? Who sent you? tell me!" he uttered, grasping the table for support.

"God sent me, may be, to keep you from further sin. Now tell me, where is my child?"

"At Thornton, with Aunt Patience."

And still he stood and stared, as if he could not take in the meaning of her presence. She gathered the jewels together and placed the parcel under her shawl; and still he stared and did not speak.

"I will see that she has them, Richard Thorn. I have traveled many days to find them; and now I want the money that goes with them, also." He started. "You have it. Lloyd Allan told me so when he found me in the hospital, where I lay, as they thought, dying. I raved about these things, for I could not die till I had seen them in Ruby's hands. And he tried to comfort me by telling me he had given the jewels and paid the money to you. I must have *that* too." She did not seem to know to whom she was speaking, or to remember any cause of resentment. She was too full of her one purpose to care for aught beside. "I did wrong not to give it to Miss Patience; I must take it to her now."

"I can not give it, Marah."

"Then Lloyd Allan shall come for it himself. He shall know that Ruby never saw

it." And she turned and left the room and the house without another word.

It is doubtful if he took in what it meant, the disgrace of having Lloyd Allan know he had spent the money. Something had come to him that seemed to prevent his apprehending clearly and fully what things meant. He leaned his elbows on the mantel and his face in his hands, and tried to think what had happened. Dimly it came to him as something in the long ago, that he had not liked to be alone in this house; for he had a revolver in his desk and every time he sat down to write or to think, a voice kept bidding him take it and end all this misery and pain. And then he would wander through all the rooms, and find himself irresistibly drawn back to this, and to the desk, and to the drawer. It would be soon over, and yet he wished Hugh would come. He was so glad that the jewels were safely on their road to Ruby, that so much was saved, that he almost had a gleam of courage that all might be saved. But no, no; it was too late, and if Hugh came he would have to know all, and the blow would fall,—to-morrow? No, not to-morrow, but the day after. Well, then, he could live one other night, and perhaps, after all, Hugh would happen down. Marah came in some mysterious time and fashion, why not Hugh? But she came, she said, "Sent of God to keep him from further sin." His thoughts grew clearer. Did God, then, care to keep him from further sin? Was there any sin left undone? Yes, one; and would he add that to the rest? He bowed his head upon his folded arms, and his thoughts went round and round in the surging whirlpool of temptation. Every swirling rush onward took him nearer the vortex; in imagination his hand grasped the weapon, but through all his confusion of brain, he yet heard something about "saving him from further sin." He saw the ruin of his life and the open grave, and half in madness, half in terror, began to struggle to be free. Many times he said he "would not do it," over and over again, like one striking out madly against the narrowing circle of the whirlpool. At last he was able to believe it when he said it, and then he lifted his face, so

weary and white, but his eyes flashed with a new light. He "would not do it," he said again. He would live, he would face it, he would confess it all; he would begin again and give his life to atonement. He walked to the desk. There was no tottering of the limbs, no trembling of the hands that drew ball after ball from the pistol; and calling Tom, he said:

"Here, Tom, I think you may need this now, you are so much alone. Keep it for burglars, and don't shoot yourself. I give it to you for your own. You have been more faithful of late."

He did not go back to the library, but up to Hugh's room, where the strong man struggled and wept like a little child. He went at last to the desk, thinking to make a little statement for his son, and there, fumbling among the papers, he found the envelope and letter that had already made confession for him, leaving no deeper depth to be opened for the pure gaze of his boy.

What he suffered only Infinite pity beheld; what prayers he prayed only the Infinite heard; but, late at night, he crept forth a bowed, aged, wrinkled man, over whom the whirlwind of remorse had swept.

He went to the drawing-room, and throwing himself in an arm-chair, turned his face to the picture of Florence Field.

"Dear little Floy," he said to himself, as a mother says "dear child" to the baby on her breast before she falls asleep,— "Dear little Floy," and then his head drooped on his breast.

And near midnight, there, was a ring at the door bell; and Tom, proud of his new, though empty, pistol, wisely asked:

"Who dar?"

"It is I, Mr. Monteith; open the door, Tom." And with great alacrity he proceeded to admit "Mr. Monteeff," of whom he stood in great awe as in some way associated with his old Marsa Lloyd.

Monteith asked for Hugh, and moved toward the drawing-room on being told of Hugh's absence, and that "Mrs Richard is in dar, sleepin' like a top;" while Tom, showing his pistol, triumphantly added, "Tom's bein' a guarjin angel to dis yer house."

He entered softly; the sleeper breathed heavily, and in a way that made Mr. Monteith hastily turn up the light. Another second sufficed to lift the lids and examine the pupils of the eyes, and in another he had loosened the clothing at the throat, and placed the man in a recumbent position.

"Tom, quick; here! help me to lift Mr. Thorn to the sofa. He is terribly, frightfully ill. Run as quickly as you can for the doctor."

It was an anxious night; but Graham watched by the father as he had once watched by the son. And the strange stupor did not pass away. Monteith sent another of the messages, that Rachel "hated the sight on," to Hugh, and before light an answer came. Hugh had already gone, and Patience would follow at once. She started at daybreak, bidding Rachel to tell Ruby nothing to alarm her, saying she would write fully herself. But when the hour for the arrival of the night train passed, and Hugh did not arrive, Monteith's anxiety grew very great. Leaving the doctor in charge, he hastened away to the place of business, thinking Hugh might have gone directly there. He arrived in time to meet the old clerk coming out from the private office, looking so troubled and dejected that Graham fancied the news had reached him already. He knew Graham as Hugh's best friend, and his face brightened perceptibly as he approached. Here was the rich and powerful young friend. Perhaps he had come to help them.

He was a cautious old man in ordinary times, and knew he was not to speak of business affairs; but he was so fearful Hugh would not speak, that his prudence yielded to his hope of help.

"I am glad to see you, sir," he began, deferentially.

"I have come for Mr. Hugh. Is he here?" said Graham, hastily returning the greeting.

"Yes; he is inside, there," pointing to the office; "and I am afraid this new trouble will kill him and his father too. Could n't you help them, Mr. Monteith?"

"I can try, at least. Then he had heard the news?"

"Oh yes; and he has been studying since

daybreak to find some way out; but there seems to be no chance. The old house must go."

"What do you mean?" said Graham, through whose mind there broke a glimmer of the truth. "Are you embarrassed?"

"Embarrassed;" and then the old man told him in a few hurried words. "The times have been terrible," he ended; "we have been in worse, far worse places than this, and Mr. Thorn has managed to go on. We have been in deep water for a long time, but if he could meet this one more payment we should be saved; we should come through, and all would be plain sailing. It's too bad, too bad."

Monteith was silent, and the old man feared he had gone too far.

"You must pardon me, sir. I have been at my desk here for thirty years. I saw Richard Thorn come in when he was no older than his son now is, and I can't bear to see the old house go down. Mr. Thorn goes with it, and I do n't know how many more."

Still his listener was silent. He took it all in; he was turning it all over in his mind, and at last he said:

"William, keep every thing quiet, and get the accounts into shape, so that I can know the exact truth; if the business is worth saving we will save it. If it is not, it must go. Say nothing about it; but I will meet the difficulty to-morrow, unless I find it is better to let the crash come."

"O Mr. Monteith, do not let it come, for Hugh's sake!"

"Hugh may do something better."

"For Mr. Thorn's sake."

"Mr. Thorn will not need the business, William."

He passed on quickly. He had been on the verge of telling him how his master was stricken; but he wanted his brain clear for the work he had set him. It would be time a few hours later to shadow it with more bad news.

Hugh was alone in the private office, thinking, studying, feeling enough for a life-time in every passing hour. It looked black, blank, hopeless. He could not stem

the tide—he could not save the wreck. He could only give his life to the restoration of what was gone. But for that and the fact that his father would need him, he would have felt that life was over for him, and glad that it was so. He bowed his head upon his folded arms and rested it on his father's desk. He wanted to live, to be of use, to do his work; but he remembered there were forty desert days for his Master. He certainly should not shrink when he found himself "led into the wilderness." So he tried to fortify his sinking faith, and to gather courage to meet his father, who must be coming soon, when he heard a step, and lifting his head, met the strong, loving glance of Monteith's eyes, and the strong, warm grasp of his hand.

"St. Christopher!" he said, joyfully; "where did you come from? Who could have sent you?"

"I came from the steamer late last night, and I do n't know who sent me, Hugo, unless—"

Neither of them could go on; but through Hugh's mind went swiftly, "When thou passest though the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."

And then Monteith told him of his father's illness, and together the two went home. The old elm never seemed to Hugh to droop so mournfully; there was dust in the vestibule. Softly they crept up to the sick man's room. Dr. Burton was coming down the stairs, and he did not wait for any question. Putting his great hands on Hugh's shoulder, he said:

"Well, my boy, the time has come you longed for, when you can carry your father's burdens."

"He is not dying?" said Hugh, trying to pass.

"No, I do not think he will die; but he is paralyzed. I doubt if he will ever walk again. His speech may come back, and he is already conscious."

"Let me go, doctor; I will come to you again directly." And he went on.

"If he had been any one but Hugh I would not have allowed him to go without

telling him what to do and say, and what leave unsaid. But he will need no telling."

"No," said Monteith, "his heart will be his teacher; but you can tell me."

"Well, there is little to tell. He may not rally, but I think he will live months, perhaps years. It's the old story of overwork. I warned him long ago."

"Can any thing be done to make his rallying sure?"

"Yes. Let his nurses be quiet and cheerful. Miss Patience will arrange all that. He is conscious now. Tell him any good news you hear. He is troubled about something, I could not tell what; but business probably. I am afraid his affairs are in rather a bad way, but tell him only the good news."

"Yes, yes; I understand."

Monteith waited, but Hugh did not come down. He left a note for him and went back to the counting-room. The old clerk was ready, and, as far as he could in so short a time, he made himself acquainted with the business condition. Then he went out, and an hour or two passed in seeing some prominent business men, several of the creditors, and the one in particular from whom the immediate danger threatened. He asked and secured an extension. As briefly as possible he explained the illness and the changes that must necessarily come to the business. He added in one or two instances his own name to paper already bearing that of Richard Thorn. In one case he said, "I am thinking of becoming a partner in this firm myself with the younger Mr. Thorn, and I will not allow a disaster now to impair its future prospects. A little time is all that is needed to save it."

On the way back to Hugh, he stopped a moment to say to the old clerk:

"William, you can sleep to-night; your employer is not going to die, and the suspension will not take place at present." Then he hurried quickly away, and did not see that the old man watched him through a mist of tears.

He waited at the sick man's door, and Hugh came out, and, without a word, led him in to the bedside. Together they looked

own upon the sleeping face, prematurely old and worn. The fire of his restless, self-governed life had burned itself out, and here was the ashen ruin it had left. The two men stood in silence, and Gray would not let go his grasp of Hugh's hand.

Suddenly the sleeper stirred, and the gray eyes opened, and fixed themselves in a painful questioning gaze on Hugh's face, and the lips contracted in a painful effort to speak. It was all in vain, and the anguish the eyes expressed was more than Hugh could bear.

"What is it? What does he want?" said Hugh, turning to Monteith. "Always every time he wakes, he tries to tell me something and can not."

"Let me try," said Graham, gently; "you ask him what I suggest, and we can soon tell if we touch the point that troubles him."

Hugh bent over him. "Father," he said, "do you hear me?" The eyes answered at once. "Do you want to tell me about Ruby?" Only a troubled look, and an effort to frame two words. They were very thick and broken, but Monteith heard "all gone."

"Tell him not all gone, that we can save it." And Hugh repeated, though he did not know what it meant. The face relaxed, and the questioning look returned.

"Tell him," said Monteith, gently, "that the business is all right; that Mr. Morton gives time."

Hugh repeated slowly, and at the last words a visible emotion shook him. But the face, the only way the poor soul had of speaking, answered with an expression of surprise. Hugh bent down over him and listened.

"How long?" came with thick utterance.

"Time enough to pay all," answered Monteith.

Again, "How long?"

"How long for what, papa?" asked Hugh, seeing he had failed to understand.

"I think he is trying to ask you how long he has to live," said Monteith softly.

"You are not going to die, father, not yet," said Hugh, smiling brightly down into his face. And then he added slowly and solemnly, but softly, lest Gray should hear,

"you are going to *live, to live, to alone!* God has given you time."

And the sick man heard it, and it seemed to sink down into the dull soul, half-buried in the ruins of its tenement of clay, and the hungry, questioning look died out of his eyes, and a peaceful expression crept over his face, and the drowsy stupor that soon dropped like a veil over it was more like a natural, restful sleep than before.

And they stood in the shadow of the curtains while he slept, and talked as two women might have done, softly watching all the while lest the sufferer should wake.

"I took the right of a brother, Hugo,"—somehow Monteith had from the first taken Ruby's name for him,—"for I knew there was no time to be lost. Dr. Burton told me to bring him good news of the business, if I could; for within the suffering body he thought the mind was working still, and I had to act quickly, if at all. Now there is time, and we can decide on future steps together."

"St. Christopher, indeed!" said Hugh; "I could never have crossed this swollen stream alone."

And Graham answered:

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." Do n't you remember that, Hugh?"

Hugh did remember, for his own heart had whispered it to him only this morning.

"I attended to my affairs speedily in England, and hastened back. Somehow my heart was here, and I heard from Lloyd news of Marah. She had been found in a hospital in Baltimore, desperately ill, and while he thought she was convalescent, she escaped, and he lost all trace of her again. I promised Ruby to find her. Will Ruby come down with Miss Thorn?"

"I do not know, I do not think so," answered Hugh absently, for he remembered what Ruby had told him that night when they searched for the stars.

And Monteith was thinking that if she did *not* come he would go to her, when through the half-closed blinds they saw a carriage stop under the old elm tree. Mon-

teith was down by the time Tom had reached the door, and a moment after Hugh saw him ascending the steps with Aunt Patience upon his arm.

She had come alone. They told her the news at once, and she went in and saw Richard asleep, and her burden was lifted when they said he would not die. That God would spare him to find the right and to do it, had been the one burden of her prayer through all her long day in the cars. She sat and gazed from the window, hardly conscious of the people about her, and the importance of health, of property, all dwindled to nothing in comparison with the value of the loss of integrity to a human soul. Character stood before her at the worth God meant it to have, and other things took their proper and subordinate place. To the forests, the trees, the fields of grain, as they flew past her, to all the moving things that seemed to be free, she cast out her thought and prayer for the soul of Richard Thorn. It seemed to her as if these understood and gave her whisper to the wind that "bloweth where it listeth," and that the winds bore it to the invisible heart of God. She never felt more as if God's silent things understood her and would carry her pain to Him when it grew more than she could bear. She would have called it a strange, old womanish fancy; yet the angel who gathers up the petitions at eventide would have found that night, all the way from the green hills down to the sea, the scattered prayers of Patience Thorn.

And Monteith made her rest that night as if he had been her daughter, and watched with Richard himself, with all a woman's tenderness and skill.

And the next day passed and the next, and on the third the fear of death was displaced by a strong hope of the sufferer's gradual recovery. He would never walk again, probably never be able to engage in active business, but a good degree of comfort would probably answer a good degree of care.

Then Graham and Hugh had hours of business talk, and it was finally settled that, as the surest method of retrieving losses, the

business, in a contracted and unspeculative form, should go on, with Monteith as a partner. Hugh did not like it so, but he dared not refuse the only chance that promised to restore what had been unlawfully used. The new capital would clear away obstructions; the profits must pay Monteith, and the other debts in time; the remainder growing slowly, and infused with Hugh's best life and energies, would, in connection with the other business, in time pay Ruby all. He could not hope it would come before he was an old man; but no matter, it was worth his life he thought. And God had been so good to him, for he had saved his father's name from shame, and given him time to repent, and with the help of his son to atone.

And should he not be glad in this? Should he dare to repine at this? And yet, when all was settled, and on the morning of the fourth day Graham said, "And now, Hugo, I am going to Ruby," was he very wicked that he was suddenly filled with a bitter conflict of rage,—a rage that could have stricken his friend to the earth? What right had he to go with that radiant, masterful face of his to Ruby? What were honor and shame, loss or gain of paltry fortunes? what were life or death to his father or to any body, beside his love for Ruby? This conflict of rage frightened him, it was so mad and strong. He had not known how he loved her till now; and he would not give her up. Would Graham give her up, if he knew, and go back to England? For one moment he was tempted to tell him Ruby was his own, and he need not go to her,—in the end he knew he could win her. To be ready to give his life for her and lose her cost almost life itself. And Hugh Thorn did it; yet did it without admitting to himself that he did it. He only said:

"Well, God bless you! Christopher," and then, with a sudden quiver of anguish on his face he added, "only for God's sake carry her over gently. She is too precious for any one but you."

And Graham did not understand. And he went his way up the road by which Patience had come down, as light of heart as

only a strong, pure man can be, under the influence of a strong, pure love. How life widened and brightened under it! How near seemed God and all God's creatures to his heart! It was not yet dark at the little Thornton station, and there was no carriage there. Never mind, he would walk up through the meadows and over the hill, to where the chimneys of the farm-house could be seen. Every step brought him nearer—nearer to the home where his heart had been so long.

Rachel answered the fall of the great black knocker, wiping her hands upon her apron as she came to the door. She smiled a welcome, for she had seen him coming up the lane, and had said to Silas, who had just brought in the milk:

"Ef there ain't that great long-legged Englishman, that they set such store by deown

at Dicks; and I hain't nothin' but warm shortened biskit, and shortened sweetened fried cakes for supper, and not a sign of a pie in the house."

But she smiled, nevertheless, and showed him in, with an air of pride, to Miss Patty's parlor, which parlor she often said, "baits all the grand doin's this side the water or t'other, I don't care where they be."

She left him to enjoy the glories of the cosy old room; but she was back almost as soon as away, bursting into the apartment with,

"I swan to man, ef that Rewbetty an't gone! I can't find her high nor low; and all her best clothes, they're gone too. Now, don't that jest beat all!"

It was too true. They searched the house, the fields, the village; but far or near there was no trace of Ruby Thorn.

CHRISTIAN LYRIC POETRY.

IT is easier to describe poetry than to define it; to recognize its forms than to penetrate the mystery of its life. Its peculiarities of structure are few and readily understood; being, in the simpler languages, parallelism, and in the more highly developed, meter and sometimes rhyme. But what that is which puts on this costume of outward expression; why it is that it originates such varieties of structure; and what there is in common between parallelism and meter so that both should be classed under the general head of poetry,—these are questions which it is more difficult to answer. And even when we come to recognize, as we think, the soul which has built up this body and pervades and animates the whole, it is not easy to put this recognition into a concise form of words such as would be accepted as a definition.

Poetry is the language of mental or spiritual exaltation. The poet is lifted above the common level of human experience. He dwells amid permanent realities. He has the power of penetrating beneath the mo-

mentally changing phenomenal form to apprehend the real and unchanging substance; of rising above the realm of the transient and the mutable into the changeless and the eternal. He who states a simple fact is a historian; he who classifies it with others of the same kind, and thus comes to the general law underneath them, is a scientist; but he who makes it a loophole through which to look into the invisible world of truth, beauty, and spiritual forces is a poet. Poetry, then, is invisible and spiritual beauty shining in upon us through appropriate material forms. "It has always been our opinion," says Lord Jeffrey, "that the very essence of poetry, apart from the pathos, the wit, or the brilliant description which may be embodied in it but may also exist in prose, consists in the fine perception and vivid expression of that subtle and mysterious analogy which exists between the physical and the moral world; which makes outward things and qualities the natural types and emblems of inward gifts and emotions, or leads us to ascribe life and sen-

timent to every thing that interests us in the aspects of external nature." At that point where the visible and the invisible, the phenomenal and the changeless, the transient and the eternal meet and become one, there is poetry born; and so it is in its very nature, as Wilmot has defined it. "The natural religion of literature." The work of the poet is distinguished by this, that he makes us hear the harmonies of the universe.

It will hence appear why it produces such peculiarities of structure as parallelism and meter, and why the same life produces two such dissimilar results. Both come of intensity and fullness. When the inspired soul pours out its utterances, wave upon wave, that is parallelism. When it has such a vivid sense of the choice and important character of its utterances as to lead it to disdain ordinary forms of speech and to seek diction more musical and more expressive, that is meter. In both cases there is a struggle to realize what the mere words can not give. These satisfy the intellect but not the heart. The heart demands for itself a wider range of expression, and hence come the different varieties of poetical structure which differ from prose very much as crystalline structure differs from amorphous.

That which distinguishes *lyric* poetry is its subjective character and its adaptation to musical expression. It is the pouring forth of the personal life; its desires, hopes, fears, aspirations, beliefs,—every thing which belongs to the spiritual *ζωή* in contradistinction to the *βίωσις*. Bishop Wordsworth, in the elaborate essay prefixed to his "Holy Year," makes a sweeping criticism on what he calls the subjective character of modern hymns, in which respect he says they stand in marked contrast with those of the ancient Church. In another paragraph he uses the term "egotistical," and this is perhaps a little more clearly expressive of the bishop's real meaning. He says that "in modern hymns the individual often detaches and isolates himself from the body of the faithful; and in a spirit of sentimental selfishness obtrudes his own feelings concerning himself; and claiming, as it were, a monop-

oly of spiritual privileges for himself, makes it to be the theme of praise to God, the Father of all, that he has had mercy on him, and to Christ, the Savior of the world, that he has died for him; and he comes forward to speak to God concerning his own spiritual state, contrasted with that of others, in a tone of self-congratulation, which sometimes seems to be not far removed from that of the Pharisee in the Gospel; and he does this in public worship, in the house of God, and makes his own individuality to be, as it were, the axis around which all the congregation, and even the heavenly sphere itself is caused to revolve." Among the hymns which this eminent ecclesiastic used to illustrate this fault are the following: "When I can read my title clear," "When I survey the wondrous Cross," "Jesus, lover of my soul." Never was there exhibited a more total misapprehension of the essential nature and the true function of a Christian hymn. Doubtless there are hymns which are open to the charge of egotism, but to confound this with that subjective element which is characteristic of lyric poetry is a fundamental error. Would Bishop Wordsworth repudiate the twenty-third psalm? And yet its pronouns are in the first person singular throughout. So also with the "Magnificat" and the "Nunc Dimittis" which are the oldest of Christian hymns. And so also, in a clear and marked degree, with nearly every modern hymn which has won its way to universal acceptance. Call to mind those hymns which are most ecumenical, so that they bear the seal of approval of all the great denominations of Christians who worship God in the English language. Are they not such as "Rock of Ages cleft for me," "Jesus, lover of my soul," "Am I a soldier of the Cross," "Just as I am, without one plea," "Sun of my soul, thou Savior dear," "Abide with me, fast falls the even-tide," "My faith looks up to thee," "Nearer, my God, to thee," etc?

The one grand glory of lyric poetry then is, that it is the simple outflowing of individual spiritual life; and as such it contains some of the most beautiful and fragrant

blossoms and richest fruits of human literature. "What care I," says Falstaff, "for the bulk and big assemblage of a man? Give me the spirit, Master Shallow, give me the spirit." Now the spirit of humanity and of the Christian Church, in a sense infinitely higher than Shakespeare's hero could understand, is found in lyric poetry as nowhere else. The subtle essence, the delicate hues, the delicious fragrance, the ethereal beauty of spiritual character are here most clearly illustrated. No other department of literature contains such vast stores of unsuspected wealth. This whole field is too unfamiliar to the generality of scholars, and even Christian ministers themselves.

As we turn our thought to lyric poetry in general, the first thing which impresses us is its *antiquity*. The oldest human literature has come to us in this form. The most ancient books of the Hindoos, and, as many think, the most ancient of all human books, are the famous Vedic hymns, which, by the most moderate estimate, are nearly three thousand years old. Of these the entire number is one thousand and twenty-eight, and as early as 600 B. C., their verses, words, and syllables had been carefully enumerated. The oldest of the Chinese sacred books is that called the "Book of Odes," fragments of which are scattered over every tea-chest and nearly every article of Chinese manufacture, and which, of course, we have often read with exquisite delight! The oldest literary fragment in our Bible, and probably the oldest bit of poetry, and indeed of literature of any sort in the world, is that lyrical fragment given as the song of Lamech, in the fourth chapter of Genesis:

"Adah and Zillah hear my voice;
Wives of Lamech hearken to my speech;
For a man have I slain for smiting me,
And a youth for wounding me:
Truly seven-fold shall Cain be avenged,
But Lamech seventy and seven."

Herder, with whom Delitsch substantially agrees, calls this a song in honor of the sword; and it is interesting to find in this one specimen of antediluvian literature all the peculiar features of Hebrew poetry—rhythm, assonance, parallelism, strophe, and poetic diction.

Coming to *Christian* lyric poetry we are at once struck with the *vast extent* and incomparable wealth of this department of literature. It is estimated that in the German language alone there are eighty thousand Christian hymns, and in the English language forty thousand. And not only is the gross amount so considerable, but its diffusion is still more to be noted. Next to the Christian sacred books nothing in literature has been so multiplied as copies of Christian hymns. The multiplication of certain choice and popular books, such as "The Imitation of Christ," the "Pilgrim's Progress," or the "Thousand and One Nights," in many languages and in every variety of form—cheap and costly, plain and elaborate—is something wonderful, and shows most impressively their vitality, for the highest proof of life is shown in its continuous creative energy; and yet, all this falls immeasurably short of the truth touching the choicest hymns. Copies of some of these may be counted literally by the million. They rival the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments in their hold on human memories. There are not a few into whose memories verses of hymns came earlier than verses of Scripture, and they will be more likely to speak them with their dying breath.

As *influences for good* they are at once subtle and powerful, swaying our natures as nothing else can. The pure waters of holy song will sometimes make their way into places dark and deathful which no other influence from heaven can reach. A few years since a little party happening to be in Montreal, took occasion to visit the celebrated Gray Nunnery there, one of the oldest and wealthiest religious houses on this Continent. As we were being conducted through the establishment we came to the school-room containing the orphan children, kept there as one branch of their charities. For our entertainment the children were set to singing. What was our surprise and delight to hear them sing some of our common Protestant Sunday-school hymns, such as "I have a Father in the Promised Land," "There is a happy land," "I want to be an angel." What other form of evangelical

influence could have made its way through the bolts and bars of that convent.

A familiar incident connected with one of Phoebe Cary's hymns may well serve as an illustration of the influence of Christian hymns. A few years since, two men, Americans, one middle-aged and the other a young man, met in a gambling-house in Canton, China. They had been engaged in play together during the evening, and the young man had lost heavily. While the older one was shuffling the cards for a new deal, his companion leaned back in his chair and began mechanically humming a fragment of Miss Cary's exquisite hymn, "One sweetly solemn thought." As these words fell on the ear of the man hardened in sin, dead memories in his heart came to life again. He sprang up excitedly, exclaiming "Where did you learn that hymn? I can't stay here!" and in spite of the taunts of his companion, hurried him away and confessed to him the story of his long wanderings from a pure Christian home, expressing his resolution to lead a better life, and urging his companion in sin to join him. The resolution was kept. The man was reclaimed, and the story of his recovery came back to bless Miss Cary before she died. This hymn, God's invisible angel, had gone with the man through all these weary years of sin, and finally led back his soul to life and God.

The distinguished German missionary, Christian Schwartz, who died at the very end of the last century, had caused to be translated into Tamil one of the two famous hymns of the great Bernard of Clairvaux,

"Hail, thou Head, once bruised and wounded,"

which he was accustomed much to sing with his Tamil converts. When he came down to death many of these converts were about him in the final hour, and after he had, as they supposed, breathed his last, they began to sing this hymn. The familiar strains seemed to bring back the departing soul of the missionary, and, with what was really his last breath, he joined again in the singing of the hymn, and through this gateway of song passed into the Eternal City.

VOL. IV.—29

Under other and more terrible conditions have men been cheered and made strong in the supreme hour of their mortal life by the holy and inspiring ministries of sacred song. The martyrs in the ancient Church used sometimes to go to their death singing the "Gloria in Excelsis." John Rogers passed from his prison to the stake singing the fifty-third Psalm. In the midst of his dying agonies, Jerome of Prague sang the joyous resurrection-hymn, of Venantius Fortunatus—"Welcome happy morning, age to age shall say." Luther's most famous hymn—"A safe stronghold our God is still"—was sung at his own burial amid the tears and lamentations of a great multitude of his devoted followers. The same hymn was sung by the army of Gustavus Adolphus on the morning of that fatal day in which they met their disastrous defeat, and their noble leader, his death.

But the highest function of song is as an *instrument of expression*. By the aid of no other ministry does the soul mount up so successfully to God and spiritual things. When the soul comes to its divinest heights, song is sure to be there. If it is not in waiting, the inspired soul at once creates it, as did Mary the "Magnificat," and Simeon, the "Nunc Dimittis." Rarely has there been witnessed a scene of more thrilling interest than that of the reunion of the Old and New School divisions of the Presbyterian Church a few years since at Pittsburg. The two bodies having met in their respective places, formed in the street in parallel columns, and then joined ranks, one of each assembly arm in arm with one of the other, and so marched as one united host to the place appointed for the reunion services. As the head of the column entered the church, which was already packed, save as to the seats reserved for the members of the assemblies, the audience struck up the hymn, "Blow ye the trumpet, blow," and, when all were in their places, "All hail the power of Jesus' name." After the reading of the Scriptures came the hymn of Watts, "Blest are the sons of peace." The interest of the occasion culminated when Dr. Fowler, the moderator of the New School body, at the

close of his remarks, turned to Dr. Jacobus, the moderator of the Old School body, and said: "My dear brother moderator, may we not, before I take my seat, perform a single act symbolical of the union which has taken place between the two branches of the Church? Let us clasp hands." This challenge was accepted, and then all joined in singing that grand old doxology of Bishop Ken—"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." At the conclusion of Dr. Jacobus's remarks, amid flowing tears and with swelling hearts, the thousands present joined in singing the precious hymn, written just about a century before by that grand and tuneful Baptist minister, John Fawcett, himself a convert of George Whitefield,— "Blest be the tie that binds." Little did those happy Presbyterians think or care that two of the hymns for this hour of their supreme gladness were furnished by Methodists, one by a Congregationalist, one by an Episcopalian bishop, and one by a Baptist. Under the inspirations of that great day their full souls demanded utterance, and any man who could help them in this was their brother. When men come to the highest summits of human experience, and the transfiguring glory of the spiritual world comes down upon them, the hues of sectarian prejudice fade away and disappear, and every man's raiment becomes "white and glistening."

Having mentioned the best-known hymn of John Fawcett, which is one of the most precious and familiar of English hymns, we will not refrain from alluding to the circumstances of its origin. Mr. Fawcett was at first settled as pastor of a humble Church in Wainsgate, Yorkshire. His meagre salary poorly sufficed for the wants of his increasing family, and when, a few years later, he was invited to become the successor of the Rev. Dr. Gill as pastor of an influential Church in the city of London, it seemed almost a matter of course that he should accept. He had preached his farewell sermon and had actually commenced removal by sending forward his library and a part of his household goods to London. His poor people were almost broken-hearted; men, women,

and children clinging to him in affectionate unreconciliation. The last wagon was being loaded when the good man and his wife sat down on one of the packing-cases to weep. "O John," said the kind-hearted wife, "I can't bear this. I don't know how to go." "Nor I either," said Mr. Fawcett, "nor will we go. Unload the wagons and put every thing back in its place." The affections of his Church were stronger than the attractions of London; and so this noble man buckled on the armor for renewed service on a salary of less than three hundred dollars a year. It was then that he wrote this hymn which has come to be known almost as widely as the language in which it was written. He gave up London and became a citizen of the world.

Finally, it follows from what has been said of the essential nature and uses of lyrical poetry that we may reasonably look here for the most full and perfect embodiment of a spiritual and catholic Christianity. The creeds of Christendom are crystallizations of Christian thought under conditions most favorable for giving that thought intensity and precision, and no scholar can afford to forego their study. In a similar way do the liturgies embody the devotional life of the Church. The creeds show the contact of Christianity with the advanced and cultured thought of their respective ages; the liturgies have sprung from the contact of the same divine life with the heart of humanity. The creeds state the facts and forms of God's descent upon, and into humanity; the liturgies are the divinely illuminated stairway by which, in all the Christian centuries, men have ascended unto God. But in the hymns we see reflected both the creed and the experience of the Church.

The deepest and most sacred beliefs of the Church are better learned here than in the creeds themselves; and the spiritual life of the Church is better expressed here than in the liturgies. The heart is often more liberal and more orthodox than the head; and so men of low and narrow creed have written hymns truly catholic and spiritual. The hymns of the Calvinistic Watts, Doddridge, and Newton are sung with no sense of discord along

side with those of the Wesleys. Hymns from such Unitarian authors as Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Adams, Sir John Bowring, Sears, and Bryant are gladly welcomed into the choicest evangelical circles. Such hymns as "Nearer, my God, to thee," "In the cross of Christ I glory," "How blest the righteous when he dies," and many others, which like these, have come from writers not counted as evangelical, but hold their place unchallenged among the choice hymnic treasures of the Church, must be accepted as indicating that there may be a faith of the heart deeper and more spiritual than that of the head. Our deepest convictions are not always expressed in the creeds which we honestly profess. Under a special pressure, which God knows how to apply, and often does apply by his providences, an old faith which had been accounted dead sometimes springs suddenly into vigorous life, thus giving evidence of its real existence even in the years in which its possessor was little conscious of it; even so do these hymns bear witness to an undertone of spiritual harmony which is not silenced by the discordances of the creeds.

And as men do not always understand their own beliefs, so they often misunderstand those of other people. A very interesting as well as familiar illustration of this is found in the history of that most precious hymn, "Rock of Ages." No opponent of the Wesleys was more bitter and uncompromising than Mr. Toplady, the author of this hymn. As expressive of his thorough hostility to what he understood to be the Wesleyan doctrine of Christian perfection, he wrote this hymn, to which he gave the title, "A living and dying prayer for the holiest believer in the world." The hymn was at once caught up, and by none more eagerly than by the Wesleys themselves, against whose obnoxious beliefs it was written, and to-day it is the only hymn that, among Methodists, rivals in popularity the best hymns of Charles Wesley.

But it is as an expression of the heart and life of religion that the hymns are most valuable. Here is seen the best picture of the human heart under the influence of divine

grace. The depths of creature nothingness and the heights of spiritual blessedness are here most distinctly reflected. Notably is this true in the hymns of Charles Wesley. No remorseful prodigal ever cried out more bitterly against sin than do Wesley's penitential hymns; and St. Paul, when caught up to the third heaven, could hardly have exceeded the rapturous strains in which he rejoices in communion with God.

There is not in human language a better statement of what it is to come to Christ than in the best known hymn of Charlotte Elliot. Miss Elliot had long been in a dissatisfied and deeply despondent state because she could not lay hold of Christ by faith as her own personal Savior. In May, 1822, the distinguished Dr. Cæsar Malan, author of the French original of the hymn translated by Dr. Bethune, commencing "It is not death to die," and also by Professor Dann, commencing "No, no, it is not dying," was paying a visit to the family of Miss Elliot, and became acquainted with the spiritual distress of his friend. Seeing how she was kept from Christ by her own self-saving efforts, he said to her one day, "Cut the cable, Charlotte; it will take too long to unloose it. Cut it, it's a small loss." Under the spur of these words she was enabled to renounce all and take Christ to the salvation of her soul. This experience of spiritual crisis is reflected with singular clearness and impressiveness in her world-renowned hymn, than which no better has been written in this century:

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come."

But we can not linger for illustrations. The history of Hymnology is full of such autobiographical passages which are recorded in the hymns themselves; and so the subjective element of religion is expressed here

as nowhere else. We repeat, then, Would you know what Christianity is as a form of truth? Next to the Bible look into the hymn-book. Any doctrine which refuses to stand here, which the people can not take upon their lips in song and prayer, is shown by this very test to be either trivial or false. A doctrine which can not be incorporated into the hymns or the prayers of the Church savors too much of the schools and too little of the Bible to hold a rightful place among the symbols of Christian faith. And would you know what Christianity is as an experience and a life—what it can do for our poor, weak, struggling, and burdened humanity, look into the hymns. They answer this question so gloriously that the doctrine of a present salvation and a present heaven is fully established and illustrated. As a work on Christian experience, Wesley's hymns are worthy to take their place by the side of the great works of the Christian ages, such as the "Imitation of Christ" and the "Pilgrim's Progress."

We hail then with delight the extraordinary revival of interest in sacred song, which has taken place in the present generation. No sign of the times is more significant of the pervading and transforming influence of Christianity in the life of the individual and of society. The most sacred memories of the past and the most cherished hopes

of the future are daily pouring their music into our common life. That song of the angels which for eighteen centuries has been resounding in our air has become richer and fuller in its harmonies, and to-day it gathers up into itself the experiences of more hearts than ever before,—a truthful prophecy that it shall at last be sung as by the voice of a great multitude, and the voice of many waters, and the voice of mighty thunders: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men."

"I love to sing when I am glad; song is the echo of my gladness:

I love to sing when I am sad till song makes sweet my very sadness:

'Tis pleasant time when voices chime to some sweet rhyme in concert only;

And song to me is company, good company, when I am lonely.

Man first learned song in Paradise, from the bright angels o'er him singing;

And in our home above the skies glad voices are forever ringing.

God lends his ear, well pleased to hear the songs that cheer his children's sorrow,

Till day shall break, and we shall wake where love shall make unfading morrow.

Then let me sing, while yet I may, like him God loved, the sweet-toned Psalmist,

Who found in harp and holy lay the charm that keeps the spirit calmest;

For sadly here I need the cheer, while sinful fear with promise blendeth:

Oh, how I long to join the throng who sing the song that never endeth!"

COUNTRY SOUNDS.

THE birds are not the only untutored musicians in the country, though after listening to a series of four-o'clock-in-the-morning concerts, one is ready to say that nothing else in the world is quite so enchanting. The trills, pipes, and quavers, the little snatches of song that introduce the mad chorus, are the most suggestive part of the performance. Lying half awake and listening to these preliminaries fills the mind with the daintiest fancies concerning that sylvan life that goes on so uninterrupted about us.

There are certain mornings when the early

sounds of the birds are more-suggestive of housekeeping than of music. The air is filled with sharp, scolding, garrulous cries, intimating pretty distinctly that life is not all poetry even among the birds. It reminds one of market day. Such chattering and disputing, such short, strident exclamations sound oddly coming from these ecstatic little creatures, and give one the sort of impression one would get to hear Nilsson scold, or Madame Ristori rave at her waiting-maid.

At this early hour of the day one isn't likely to hear other sounds, unless it be the

cries of those less poetic birds that live in farm-yards. If these are distant enough, they can be tolerated, though the general effect in the midst of a bluebird concert is like the blast of a big trumpet bursting upon the sweetness of flutes.

Unless one stands near them, one is not likely to catch the *swish* of the scythes as they are swung by men in the more difficult places of meadows, but when the workman pauses to use the whetstone, a pleasant ringing sound comes up from the field where the ranks of grass are falling heavily in the swath. Since the mowing-machine has come into use this sound is not heard so often as it used to be when the meadow, with a half-dozen workmen, would be musical with it from morning until night. The chattering bobolinks have a noisier rival nowadays when the mowing-machine moves through the field with such a sharp clatter. At a distance it is less harsh and strident. It is even hardly monotonous if the sound is borne from an irregular surface and by a fitful breeze. To the ear it advances and retreats, swells out and dies away, is alarmingly near or faintly remote, according to the lay of the land or the wind, all the time that the resistless engine is crashing through the tall timothy or redtop, and the big uncut square is growing smaller and smaller.

It is always an amusing study of human nature to observe the cries of men in the fields to their farm animals. After listening to a man talk to his horses and oxen, one feels quite well acquainted with him. The ears of most animals are so sensitive one wonders that some of them are not deafened entirely by the unmeaning din poured into them. I have heard men bawl lustily even to a cow that was moving rapidly in the right direction.

When a shower is coming up, and hay or grain is threatened, it is as good as a play to watch and listen to the field workers. The observer shares in the excitement even if his own clover is not endangered. The game is at its height when the last cock is thrown on the load amid a tumult of shouts, laughter, and execrations, just as a thick mist of rain is seen scudding over the

edge of the hill. If the panting horses drive into the barn ahead of the shower, one imagines what it is to win a wager. In the city it is difficult to tell when it is raining unless you are out of doors. The noise of the multitudinous drops is lost in the Babel of the streets; but in the country it affords a variety of pleasant sounds. The most poetic is the quick, strong patter of gusty drops falling on large leaves over one's head. It is like the sudden trampling of tree-fairies, and one looks above expecting to get a sight of them. Gentle, misty rain is almost noiseless; but the pouring Summer showers sometimes come with the noise of a marching army and shake the earth. The tin roofs, the water-spouts and the piazzas, all furnish an individual sound in the uproar, which the ear recognizes as it does single instruments in an orchestra. Rain even at a great distance may sometimes be heard very distinctly. The air is full of a fine, deep roar or reverberation, unlike any thing else in nature. In time of drought, this is the next best music to the dash of rain on one's own potato hills.

Not far from a bridge the sound of loaded wagons crossing is a heavy rattling noise, but a light vehicle rapidly driven rumbles like faint thunder. In the distance, when the air is still, a swift carriage crossing a short bridge sounds like the report of a gun.

If one is given to walking in old pastures or along by-ways, the tinkle of a cow-bell is a familiar and a pleasant sound. It is as full of suggestion as the paths its wearer traverses is of delights. It jingles all day among ranks of wild shrubbery and tangles of vines, alders, young poplars, huckleberry bushes, and fragrant, sweet-fern, with clambering bitter-sweet, woodbine and clematis, all growing in easy neighborhood. It is the haunt of aromatic, spicy growths that one never smells except in such neglected pasture lands.

In Autumn, when the apples are ripening, it is good to hear their dull thud as they fall upon the turf. The whole mellow Autumnal season is in the sound, with its soft, bright days, golden coloring, and rich harvests. If the tree overhangs the roof, and the fruit

falls at night, it suggests ideas far less pastoral and idyllic. In the deep silence, when every sound is magnified tenfold, nothing can be more alarming. The sleeper wakes petrified with terror, just as the apple rebounds and rolls to the earth with harmless clatter.

Sometimes one is conscious of a sound impossible to locate or define. It is a delicate murmur, which seems to come from nowhere in particular, but which is as unmistakable as the more blatant noises that smite the ear. It comes from a multitude of sources, and is recognizable only in a peculiar stillness of the atmosphere. This tissue or gossamer sound is the nearest to fine hearing that we mortals ever get, and it sets one thinking of what George Eliot, calls "the roar that lies on the other side of silence."

Almost any time in the country the noise of a hammer driving nails can be heard; it is a thrifty sound, suggesting well kept fences and gates, carefully mended farm implements and things generally kept in repair. The farmer whose hammer is bright with frequent use, is likely to have fertile fields, and to make a good show of vegetables and stock at the agricultural fair. In the Fall when the barns are full of hay and grain, the music of the flails resounds through the air, and inspirits like a military march. The wood-chopper's ax is not nearly so musical an instrument; but in bright, frosty weather, it makes a clear, ringing sound on the bare hill-sides. There is an endless fascination in waiting for the report to reach the ear after the eye has seen the blow fall. In the distance it seems to play a kind of game tag in which the sound never succeeds in quite catching up with the ax.

When a big tree falls in the forest the whole neighborhood is roused by the uproar. One fancies how it must alarm the thousands of quick-eared creatures in the woods. I remember the fall of a tree at night fall of an early Winter day. The place was one where nature was in her wildest mood, which the road running past only emphasized. It was as if a dozen mighty temples had fallen together in a huge shapeless mass; vast unhewn rocks hung beetling over the sides, their ledges hardly affording nutriment enough for a stunted pine to take root in. The rude majesty of the place almost stopped the breath. A tiny fall of water tumbled down between the rocks, paused at their foot in a natural basin, and crossed the road into a ditch. Across the fields was a long curving line of rugged hills closing up the view north and south. The western horizon was an intense clear gold; and the saplings of young trees growing along the road were outlined in delicate tracery against it. A woodman's ax somewhere on the other side of the rocky hill, filled the lonely, savage place with wild echoes; but when the tree at last fell, the crash seemed to shake the whole world. The ponderous rocks groaned with the concussion, and the amphitheater opposite roared like an angry lion. This sound was thrown back and forth from the walls of stone in a succession of discharges, and a long series of reverberations rolled from cliff to cliff, as if reluctant to die away at last in faint vibrations among remote hills. When they seemed to have expired altogether, deep, delicate tremors of sound still returned, and shook themselves out airily in invisible distances. It was something to listen to with bated breath and to remember for a life-time.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

THE LIFE AND WORDS OF CHRIST.*

THE life-history of Jesus Christ must ever remain the noblest and most fruitful study for all men of every age. It is admitted, even by those of other faiths [and by those of no faith], that he was at once a great teacher and a living illustration of the truths he taught. The Mohammedan would give him the high title of *Masih* (Messiah), and set him above all the prophets. [All the better class of] the Jews confess admiration of his character and words as exhibited in the Gospels. Nor is there any hesitation among the great intellects of different ages, whatever their special positions towards Christianity—whether its humble disciples, or openly opposed to it, or carelessly indifferent, or vaguely latitudinarian. [The great master minds of modern literature, however they may differ in all else, are agreed in their testimonies to the exalted character of Christ.] We all know how lowly a reverence is paid to him in passage after passage by Shakespeare, the greatest intellect known in its wide and many-sided splendor. Men like Galileo, Kepler, Bacon, Newton, and Milton, set the name of Jesus Christ above every other. To show that no other subject of study can claim an equal interest, Jean Paul Richter tells us that "the life of Christ concerns him who, being the holiest among the mighty, the mightiest among the holy, lifted with pierced hands empires off their hinges and turned the stream of centuries out of its channel and still governs the ages." Spinoza calls Christ the symbol of divine wisdom; Kant and Jacobi hold him up as the symbol of ideal perfection, and Schelling and Hegel as that of the union of the divine and human. "I esteem the Gos-

pels," says Goethe, "to be thoroughly genuine, for there shines forth from them the reflected splendor of a sublimity proceeding from the person of Jesus Christ, of so divine a kind as only the divine could have manifested upon earth." "How petty are the books of the philosophers, with all their pomp," says Rousseau, "compared with the Gospels! Can it be that writings at once so sublime and so simple are the work of men? Can he whose life they tell be himself no more than a mere man? Is there any thing in his character of the enthusiast or the ambitious sectary? What sweetness, what purity in his ways; what touching grace in his teachings; what a loftiness in his maxims; what profound wisdom in his words; what presence of mind; what delicacy and aptness in his replies; what an empire over his passions! Where is the man, where is the sage, who knows how to act, to suffer, and to die without weakness and without display? My friend, men do not invent like this; and the facts respecting Socrates, which no one doubts, are not so well attested as those about Jesus Christ. Those Jews could never have struck this tone, or thought of this morality; and the Gospels have characteristics of truthfulness so grand, so striking, so perfectly inimitable, that their inventors would be even more wonderful than he whom they portray." "Yes, if the death of Socrates be that of a sage, the life and death of Jesus Christ are those of a God."

"Jesus of Nazareth, our divinest symbol," says Thomas Carlyle. "Higher has the human thought not yet reached!" A symbol of quite perennial, infinite character, whose significance will ever demand to be anew inquired into, and anew made manifest." Dr. Channing, the foremost man among American Unitarians, is equally marked in his words. "The character of Jesus," says he, "is wholly inexplicable on human principles." Matthias

*The following pages comprise the Introductory chapter of Rev. Cunningham Gelkrie's great work with the above title (D. Appleton & Company, 2 volumes, octavo), slightly abridged and changed in a few unimportant particulars.—ED. N. R.

Claudius, one of the people's poets of Germany, last century, writes to a friend, "No one ever thus loved [as Christ did], nor did any thing so truly great and good as the Bible tells us of him ever enter into the heart of man. It is a holy form which rises before the poor pilgrim like a star in the night and satisfies his innermost cravings, his most secret yearnings and hopes." "Jesus Christ," says that exquisite genius, Herder, "is, in the noblest and most perfect sense, the realized ideal of humanity." The first Napoleon, conversing among his attendants at St. Helena respecting the great historical characters of the world and comparing Christ with them, remarked: "I think I understand somewhat of human nature, and I tell you all these were men, and I am a man, but not one is like him. Jesus Christ was more than a man. Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and myself, founded great empires; but upon what did the creations of our genius depend? Upon force. Jesus alone founded his empire upon love, and to this very day millions would die for him." At another time he said: "The Gospel is no mere book, but a living creature, with a vigor, a power, that conquers all that opposes it. . . . The soul charmed with the beauty of the Gospel is no longer its own; God possesses it entirely. He directs its thoughts and faculties; it is his. What a proof of the divinity of Jesus Christ! Yet in this absolute sovereignty he has but one aim—the spiritual perfection of the individual, the purification of his conscience, his union with what is true, the salvation of his soul. Men wonder at the conquests of Alexander, but here is a conqueror who draws men to himself for their highest good; who unites to himself, incorporates into himself, not a nation, but the whole human race."

Among all the Biblical critics of Germany, no one has risen with an intellect more piercing, a learning more vast, and a freedom and fearlessness more unquestioned, than De Wette. [Indeed, his freedom has seemed to many to approach to temerity, and his fearlessness to irreverence.] Yet, listen to one of his sentences: "This only I know, that there is salvation in no other name than in the name of Jesus Christ, the crucified, and that nothing loftier offers itself to humanity, than the Godmanhood realized in him and the kingdom of God which he founded,—an idea and problem

not yet rightly understood and incorporated into the life even of those who, in other respects, justly rank as the most zealous and the warmest Christians. Were Christ in deed and in truth our Life, how could such a falling away from him be possible? Those in whom he lived would witness so mightily for him through their whole life, whether spoken or acted, that unbelief would be forced to silence."

Nor is the incidental testimony to Christ of those who have openly acknowledged their supreme devotion to him less striking. There have been martyrs to many creeds; but what religion ever saw an army of martyrs willingly dying for the personal love they bore to the founder of their faith? Yet this has always been the characteristic of the martyrs of Christianity, from the days when, as tradition tells us, Peter was led to crucifixion with the words ever upon his lips, "None but Christ; none but Christ!" or when the aged Polycarp, about to be burned alive in the amphitheater of Smyrna, answered the governor who sought to make him revile Christ, "Eighty and six years have I served him and he never did me wrong, and how can I now blaspheme my King who has saved me?" Nearly seventeen hundred years later, a man of high culture and intellect lies dying, the native of an island peopled only by outside barbarians in the days of Polycarp. The attendants see his lips move, and bending over him, catch the faint sounds, "Jesus; love! Jesus; love!—the same thing!" and with these words he ceased to live. It was the death-bed of Sir James Mackintosh. The character of Christ has continued all through the ages to command the deepest affections of the heart among persons of all classes and conditions of culture and enlightenment; and such a character must, therefore, above all others, claim our reverent and thoughtful study. Nor will it be a difficult matter to detect the characteristics by which it attracts such intense and permanent admiration. Let us see what they were: In an age when the ideal of the religious life was realized in the Baptist's withdrawing from men and burying himself in the ascetic solitudes of the desert, Christ came bringing religion into the haunts and homes and the every-day life of men. For the mortifications of the hermit he substituted the labors of active benevolence; for the fears and gloom which shrank from men he brought

the light of a cheerful piety which made every act of daily life religious. He found the domain of religion fenced off as something distinct from common duties, and he threw down the wall of separation and consecrated the whole sweep of existence. He lived a man amongst men, sharing alike their joys and their sorrows, dignifying the humblest details of life by making them subordinate to the single aim of his Father's glory. Henceforth the good revolution was inaugurated which taught that religion does not lie in selfish or morbid devotion to personal interests, whether in the desert or the temple, but in loving work and self-sacrifice for others.

The absolute unselfishness of Christ's character is, indeed, its unique charm. His own life is self-denial throughout, and he makes the same spirit the test of all healthy religious life. It is he who said "It is more blessed to give than to receive;" who reminds us that life, like the wheat, yields fruit by its own dying; who gave us the ideal of life in his own absolute self-oblivion. We feel instinctively that this Gospel of love alone is divine, and that we can not withhold our homage from the only perfectly unselfish life ever seen on earth.

Though the most condescending of beings, he still maintained his own regal character, and spoke and acted with authority; and while demanding the most intense holiness of character and life, and detecting and condemning sin with unsparing severity, he never, either directly or by implication, recognized sin in himself. He demands repentance from all, but never for a moment hints at any need of it for himself. With all his matchless lowliness, he advances personal claims which, in a mere man, would be the very delirium of religious pride. He was divinely patient under every form of suffering—a homeless life, hunger and thirst, craft and violence, meanness and pride, the taunts of enemies and the betrayal of friends, ending in an ignominious death—nothing of all this for a moment turned him from his chosen path of love and pity. His last words, like his whole life, was a prayer for those who returned him evil for good. His absolute superiority to every thing narrow or local, so that he, a Jew, founds a religion in which all mankind are a common brotherhood equal before God; the dignity, calmness, and

self-possession before rulers, priests, and governors, which sets him immeasurably above them; his freedom from superstition in an age which was superstitious almost beyond example; his superiority to the merely external and ritual in an age when rites and externals were the sum of religion,—all these considerations, to mention no others, explain the mysterious attraction of his character, even when looked at only as that of an ideal MAN.

When from his character we turn to his teachings, the claims of his life on our reverent study are still further strengthened. To him we owe the expansion of whatever was vital in ancient Judaism from the creed of a tribe to a religion for the world. The Old Testament reveals a sublime and touching description of God as the Creator and the all-wise and almighty Ruler of all things; as the God in whose hand is the life of every living thing and the breath of all mankind; the God of providence, on whom the eyes of all creatures wait, and who gives them their meat in due season; as a Being of infinite majesty, who will by no means clear the guilty, but yet is merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth; as keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and as pitying them that fear him like as a father pitieth his children. But it was reserved for Christ to bring the character of God, as a *God of Love*, into full noonday light in his so loving the world as to give his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life. In the New Testament he is first called Our Father in Heaven—the Father of all mankind. The Old Testament proclaimed him the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob—the PORTION of Israel; Christ points the eyes of all nations to him as the God of the whole human race.

The fundamental principles of Christianity are as new and as sublime as this grand conception of God, and spring directly from it. The highest ideal of man must ever be that his soul reflects the image of his Creator, and that image can only be that of pure, all-embracing love to God and man—for God is love. Outward service alone is of no value; the pure heart only loves aright; it only reflects the divine likeness; for purity and love are the same in the eternal. A religion resting on

such a basis bears the seal of heaven. But this divine law constitutes Christianity.

The morality taught by Christ is in keeping with such fundamental demands. Since love is the fulfilling of the law there can be no limitation to duty but that of power. It can only be bounded by our possibilities of performance, and that not in the letter, but in spirit and in truth, both towards God and our neighbor. The perfect holiness of God can alone be the standard of our aspiration; for love means obedience, and can not look upon sin. To be a perfect Christian is to be a sinless man—sinless through the obedience of perfect love. Such a morality has the seal of the living God on its forehead.

In order to realize our obligation to Christ in these things it must be remembered that nothing of the kind had before him been known among men. Antiquity outside of the Jewish world had no conception of what we call sin. There was no word in the Greek language for what we mean by it; the expression for it [in that language] is synonymous with physical evil. There was either no guilt in an action, or the deity was to blame, or the action was irresistible. Priests and people had no aim or desire in sacrifices, prayers, or festivals, beyond the removal of a defilement, not considered as a moral, but a physical stain; and they attributed a magical effect to propitiatory rites through which they thought to obtain that removal; this effect being sure to follow if there was no omission in the rite, even though the will remained consciously inclined to evil.

The Roman was as destitute of any proper conception of sin as was the Greek. Even such moralists as Seneca had only a blind spiritual pride, which confounded God and nature, and regarded man—the crown of nature and its most perfect work—as God's equal, or even his superior, for the divine nature in his creed reaches perfection in man only. Every man, he tells us, carries God about with him in his bosom; in one aspect of his being he is God—virtue is only the following of his nature, and men's vices are only madness. Compare with this the vision of God—high and lifted up—of awful holiness, but of infinite love—and the doctrine of human responsibility, which the heart itself echoes—as taught by Christ, and then the

study of his life becomes the loftiest of human duties.

The belief in a future life, with its light or shadow depending on a future judgment is now part of the creed of the world; and for this belief, as an assured reality, we are indebted to the teachings of Christ. Judaism, at least in its later times, had heard and accepted that revelation, but it was held as pertaining only to Israel; and from its character, as an ethnic religion, Judaism could never have given the doctrine of immortality to this world. But the pagan nations at the time of Christ had ceased to have any definite ideas of any thing beyond the present life. At the best, the question of immortality was an open one, the dream of poets, and the aspirations of philosophers, but certainly not the common faith. Christ brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel, so that wherever the Gospel has penetrated man is recognized as a living soul, and destined to an endless existence.

Doctrines, such as these, illustrated by such a life, and crowned by a death, which he himself proclaimed to be a voluntary offering "for the life of the world," could not fail to have a mighty influence, and such has been its record from the beginning. The heaven thus cast into the mass of humanity has already largely transformed society, and is destined to affect it for good, in ever-increasing measure, and in all directions.

The one grand doctrine of the brotherhood of man, as man—which is rather the outgrowth of the essential spirit of Christianity, than one of its specific doctrines—is in itself the pledge of infinite results. The seminal principle of all true progress must ever be found in a proper sense of the inherent dignity of manhood; in the realization of the truth that the whole human race are essentially equal in their faculties, nature, and inalienable rights. But such an idea was unknown to antiquity. The Jews esteemed themselves the exclusive favorites of heaven, and a learned rabbi only expressed the common opinion of the nation when he said, "a single Israelite is of more worth in the sight of God than all the nations of the world;" every Israelite is of more value before him than all the nations that have been or will be. To the Greek, the word "humanity," as the

common designation of the race of mankind, was unknown; and all nations except his own were regarded and despised as "barbarians." Socrates only gave expression to the general feeling of his countrymen when he thanked the gods that he was a man and not a beast, male and not female, *Greek and not barbarian*. The Romans, as a military people, considered all beyond their own state as *hostes*—enemies, between whom and themselves there could be only unfriendly relations. Antiquity had no conception of a religion that could, by adapting itself to men of all nationalities, and antagonizing all forms of vice, be suited to the wants of all humanity. It was even objected to Christianity that its folly was patent, from its seeking to introduce one religion for all races.

It was thus left to Christ to proclaim the brotherhood of all nations by revealing God as their common Father in heaven, filled with a father's love towards them all alike; by his commission to preach the Gospel to all; by his inviting all who "labor and are heavy laden," to come to him for rest; by receiving the woman of Samaria, and her of Canaan; by making himself the friend of publicans and sinners; by his equal sympathy with the slave, the beggar, and the ruler; and above all, by his picture of all nations gathered to judgment at the great day, with no distinction of race or rank. In this great principle of the essential equality of man and his responsibility to God lie hid the grand truths, which, though even yet but imperfectly realized, are destined to transform society and revolutionize the world.

To this universal relation of God to each and all alike do we owe the conception of the rights of the individual conscience as opposed to any outward authority. The play of individuality, which alone secures and exemplifies those rights, was not even dreamed of before Christ came. Till then the state was every thing, the man nothing. There were no laws recognized above those of the state, and even personal freedom existed as a boon bestowed rather than a natural right recognized and confessed. Christ's words, "One is your Teacher, and all ye are brethren;" "One is your Father even the Heavenly;" "One is your guide, even Christ," were the inauguration of a social and moral revolution.

The slave, before Christ came, was simply a piece of property wholly without rights, and usually of less worth than lands or cattle. An old Roman law decreed the penalty of death for killing a plowing ox, but made no account of the killing of a slave. Ten thousand slaves were crucified at one time for having taken part in an insurrection. Augustus doomed thirty thousand to execution who had fought in the army of Pompey; and Trajan, the best of the Romans of his day, made ten thousand slaves fight each other in the amphitheater for the amusement of the populace till all were slain. The great truth of man's universal brotherhood, taught by Christ, was the ax laid at the root of this detestable crime—the sum of all villainies. By asserting the rights of humanity for the slave, because he is a man, Christianity first of all infused kindness into his lot, and by degrees undermined the whole system of slavery, till at last the man-owner has ceased from among the civilized nations of the earth. At scarcely any other point was man's cupidity and injustice so long able to resist the plain precepts and spirit of the Gospel; but even that mighty Gagon has at length fallen before the Lord.

In teaching the brotherhood of man Christianity sets its brand of condemnation upon the spirit and practice of war, except in defense of the public peace and personal safety. Wherever that teaching has not been received, and its better influences felt in society, a chronic state of war has seemed to be the normal condition of society, and the right of conqueror over his victims has been held to be absolutely unlimited—to kill, or to spare—to enslave or to torture at his pleasure. But the voice of Christ, commanding peace on earth, has echoed through all the centuries since his day, and though wars are still waged—for the Gospel is as yet only partially effective—yet are they less frequent than before, and many of their worst horrors have been greatly mitigated. Pagan Europe was for untold ages a vast battle-field where men remorselessly preyed upon their kind, and the sparsely populated countries were held back from improvement, and the population from increase, because of their mutual conflicts and internecine slaughters. Europe, nominally and partially Christianized, has risen in wealth, in culture, in civilization, in morals and good government, and

commensurate with the increase of these, its population has been increased and reduplicated. Much yet remains, indeed, to be accomplished before there can be a full realization of the grand design of the Gospel to establish "peace on earth and good will towards [or among] men;" but enough has been done to demonstrate its power and tendency to cause wars to cease from the earth.

To the poor and destitute of the earth the doctrine of the universal brotherhood is especially valuable and precious. Poverty was, in all heathen lands, scarcely less to be dreaded than slavery itself, and even among the Jews the poor were thought to be justly bearing the penalty of their own or their forefathers' sins. Of the many rich men in imperial Rome, though they could squander untold amounts in almost every conceivable way, no one ever conceived the notion of founding an asylum for the poor, or a hospital for the sick. The streets of their cities swarmed with beggars who were esteemed and treated much in the same way that the dogs are treated in all Eastern cities. Seneca mentions them only to observe that men throw alms to them with repugnance, and carefully avoid all contact with them. The idea of a common brotherhood with such creatures, if suggested, was sure to be repelled with scorn and loathing. But Christ not only taught that to them belonged the common rights of humanity, but he made the poor of this world his own peculiar representatives, for all after-times, when he declared "Inasmuch as ye have done it [shown mercy] unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." The abject and forlorn received a charter of human rights, when he proclaimed that all men are brethren, and sons of the same Almighty Father.

Last of all, it is to be noticed that to the feeblest and more dependent half of the human race—the female portion—the Gospel comes as a friend and deliverer. The condition of WOMAN in all other than Christian lands is little if any better than that of a slave. If married she is simply the property of her husband; if unmarried the plaything of his caprices and lusts—but in no case his equal. The mutual obligations of married life, which is the glory and strength of any people, are not thought of as binding upon men; and the utter impurity of the men reacts in a similar

self-degradation of the other sex. St. Paul used no exaggerated or strange language—but such as only set forth what every body knew to be true—when he wrote the well-known verses in the opening of the Epistle to the Romans. The barbarians of the forests of Germany, alone of the heathen world, retained a worthy sense of the true dignity of woman. The traditions of a purer time—the after-glow of a light that had every-where else gone out—seemed still to have lingered among these simple children of the forests of the North. But Jesus Christ came to revive and re-enforce these lost traditions of earlier and purer times. Marriage was, by him, declared to be incapable of dissolution except as the punishment of the highest of crimes. Woman was by him raised to equal (if not identical) honors with man. Polygamy, the fruitful source of social corruption, was forbidden, and in the Christian law of marriage was also embodied the charter of the Christian family, where the husband and wife meet as equals, each honoring the other, and both training their children amidst the sanctities of their "home."

The enforcement of these and kindred teachings, destined to regenerate humanity, required lofty sanctions, and all these are given in the largest abundance in the teachings and the personal acts of him who came into our world both to redeem humanity by his sacrifice of himself, and to regenerate it by the power and the spirit of the truth which he proclaimed. While, therefore, the mysterious dignity of his divine character—God manifest in the flesh—and the stupendous manifestation of "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," may fitly challenge our worship, Christ's life and sayings, alike unique among men, deserve our reverent study.

"His birth, and the story of his life," said the great Napoleon; "the profoundness of his doctrines, which overturns all difficulties, and is their most complete solution; his Gospel, the singularity of his mysterious being, his appearance, his empire, his progress through all centuries and kingdoms; all this is to me a prodigy, an unfathomable mystery." To the "wise and prudent" of this world, the life and the words of Christ must ever remain a hidden mystery; but to the humble and believing they are, though still a great mystery, yet a mystery revealed in its saving power.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

AMERICAN ART IN ITALY.—Florence has recently endeared itself to us anew. Americans have long looked to that beautiful and once republican city as the most attractive spot in all the sunny lands of Europe. More than five centuries ago the power and wealth of the Medicis gave it treasures and resources, and put at its doors all the attractions and accomplishments of Western antiquity and of Eastern splendor. Florence then quickened the whole world with its commercial spirit. The Florentines wove in silk and wool; they made jewelry for the Western world, and transacted the banking for European commerce. Their gold florin, first coined in A. D. 1252, became the standard currency of Europe. The Florentines, too, supported the largest school of art then known. Their library contained the largest number of manuscripts of celebrated authors, and their museum all that was regarded as most excellent in sculpture and painting. The Tuscan or Florentine school of art had its birth about the time the florin was first coined, and from its beginnings with Cimabue (1240-1302), steadily rose in brilliancy for nearly four hundred years. The greatest masters of modern art were Tuscan. Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519), Michael Angelo (1474-1564), Giorgio Vasari (1512-1574), and others of perhaps lesser luster only when contrasted with the greatest of luminaries, belong to it. In short, Florence in course of time became the scene of some of the most brilliant triumphs ever won by brush or chisel. In more modern times the art fame of Italy has waned. Florence has lost like Rome and Venice. Yet the Tuscan capital has always remained attractive to Americans. In its bosom rest the remains of several of our most distinguished countrymen. Within its walls dwell many illustrious Americans at this day. As an art center it still vies with the city by the Tiber for supremacy. The late Joel Hart, the American sculptor, *par excellence*, preferred Florence to Rome. So did Powers. Both of these great lights have recently gone out. We are reminded of them by the exhibition at Florence of Hart's posthumous work, "Woman Triumphant." This superior production by

one of our most beloved sons shows how much Florence has done for American talent, and we are drawn closer than we ever were to her. But as to this last effort by Joel Hart. What a sincere artist he was! How true to his ideal of art, and how much his life was given to its embodiment! Twenty years ago he conceived the idea of this, his favorite statue, and at his death, in 1877, it was still in clay. Other works came to maturity, and were sent to their destinations, but this never left his hands. Friends and critics came and praised, but he was never satisfied; like one greater than himself, yet with like aspirations, his "ideal" was always beyond his "real." The figure is that of a maiden who has stolen the arrow from a weeping love, and dances along, holding it triumphantly above her head. Eros, standing on tiptoe at her feet, stretches his hands imploringly to reach it, but in vain. The molding of the figures is, by the *Art Magazine* (published by Petter, Cassell, & Galpin), pronounced as excellent, the child's being especially lovely. The face of the girl is very expressive, although the artist himself was wont to say he "would not let it leave his hands till he had given it the subtle mixture of maiden purity and arch triumph which existed in his mental ideal." "The arch triumph," says the *Magazine*, "is certainly there, and great sweetness, too." Hart's executors, who put this work in marble, deserve the thanks of every patriotic and art-loving American. It is a work evidently that will enhance the already brilliant reputation of this greatly lamented artist, and bring our nation honor from the art-loving world.

ART APPLIED TO INDUSTRY.—The need of our age is the more consistent educational training of our girls. The *soi-disant* accomplishments are any thing but desirable acquisitions. A mastery of French and German, obtained at a boarding-school where these languages are "spoken at table," or "the constant media of communications," means nothing more nor less than the memorizing of a few phrases—a mere smattering of the tongue. Instead of devotion to the literature and

structure of the language, time is wasted to get enough with which to make a parade—much ado out of nothing. How much better it would be for the country if the time thus wasted were employed in a more practical manner, and to more serviceable purpose! One of the needs of our hard times is the establishment of such an institution as the "Royal School for Needle-work" of South Kensington, England. Visitors at the Centennial will readily recall the magnificent display made in the women's pavilion by these busy-bodies of England. Instead of wagging their tongues at idle talk, they ply their busy fingers to the application of a most beautiful industrial art, and acquire a knowledge of art taste that is very wonderful.

A MODERN CHURCH FATHER REMEMBERED.—Scotland holds no man's memory dearer than that of the Rev. Dr. Thos. Chalmers. Among its philosophers, and they are not few, nor of the merely common order; among its preachers, and they count among the most powerful in evangelical Christianity; among its philanthropists, and their number is legion, and their fame in all the world's modern history; the pastor of the Free Church, and the professor of St. Andrew's, Glasgow, and of Edinburgh College, and the founder of the Free Kirk stands first always. It is now thirty-one years since Edinburgh was startled by the intelligence of its loss of this accomplished man and sturdy character. Yet she has not forgotten his life and works. The flight of time has only helped to endear his memory. Last year it was resolved to erect in the modern Athens a bronze statue of "good old Doctor Chalmers." It has recently been placed in one of the most thronged thoroughfares of Edinburgh, and stands there to remind the passer-by of the immortality of great deeds. The statue is twelve feet in height and represents the Doctor in the dress of a moderator of the general assembly, with an open Bible in his hand, as if giving an exposition. The representation of Dr. Chalmers in his official relation to the great religious body which he founded in 1843, when he left the Scottish establishment with four hundred of his co-laborers—the pride and power of the ancient Church—is only appropriate. For it was by the infusion of his own untiring energy into

every class, rank, and age, that the stupendous structure of the Free Church of Scotland went up like Aladdin's palace, as it were, in a single night, and the world stood amazed at the unparalleled spectacle. But why the good Doctor should have been presented also in the rôle of an expositor is more than we can understand. Of all his labors, his exegetical are of least account. His "Lectures on Romans," and still more fully his "Posthumous Works," prove that his excursions into this vast field were but short and narrow in their range.

THE treaty of Berlin has not proved so productive of peace as was hoped by those who made it; and simultaneously with the movements of United Europe Great Britain seems to be actively pushing her own advantages. It is rumored that the bases of a new treaty between England and the Porte have been settled, giving England a protectorate over Egypt, and that France consents to the treaty and will take a part in the management of the finances. It is also stated at Constantinople that the Porte will not only accept the English programme of reforms for Asia Minor, but will shortly issue a proclamation extending it to the whole empire.

The European Embassadors have felt compelled to make representations to the Porte in consequence of the demands made by the Armenian Archbishop of Erzeroum for the protection of the Christians, who are threatened by the Mussulmans. Thirty thousand Russians have entered Batoum.

Trouble seems to be apprehended in Sentari. The Governor has taken measures to protect the Greek and Austrian Consuls against any attacks of the Albanians. The difficulty of bringing about the necessary reforms in Asia Minor is increased by the jealousy of the Sultan, who recently made significant remarks in reference to semi-independent Indian Princes. The Sultan still considers Midhat Pasha dangerous and ambitious. In Greece active preparations are on foot for sharp work in the near future. Measures have been taken to enable the formation of an expeditionary corps of 100,000 men.

News comes from Bosnia that the Austrian re-enforcements have begun offensive operations against the Bosnian intrenchments on the banks of the Save. The fighting so far has

been indecisive. Trustworthy reports show that the Austrian losses, between the 4th and 9th of September, were about one hundred officers and three thousand men. It seems to be the design of Austria to crush the resistance in Bosnia by overwhelming masses. It is rumored that half the Austrian army will be employed. Bercka, on the Save, was being bombarded and it was hoped would soon surrender. Russia has urged Austria to declare the annexation of Bosnia; but Austria adheres to occupation, in accordance with the Treaty of Berlin.

Serious disorders are also reported from other parts of European Turkey. The Albanian insurgents have assassinated the Governor of Ipeka and ten other officials. Mehemet Ali Pasha, who was sent to pacify Albania, was mobbed at Yacova, a town sixty-seven miles north-east of Scutari. He fled from the place and took refuge in a shed; but was pursued by the Albanians, who called upon him to organize an attack against the Austrians. Upon

refusing to comply with this demand, Mehemet Ali and twenty members of his suite were massacred. The insurgents afterward fired the house containing the dead body of the pasha.

The Russians, it is said, are reconnoitering the Transylvanian frontier, and the Roumanians have been warned to be prepared to make sacrifices in the event of a rupture between Austria and Russia. It is also rumored that a treaty has been concluded whereby Servia, in consideration of a subsidy of 250,000 rubles monthly, undertakes to maintain 40,000 men on the Albanian or any other frontier Russia may appoint.

SPAIN is not a closed door to evangelical Christianity, however much the Romanists may labor to make it so. Though France has opened the door wide and Italy has left the gate ajar, Spain is reported to have asked during the last ten years for more Bibles, proportionally to its population, than the other two Romish nations.

ART.

HOUSE DECORATION.

A MOST noteworthy revival of interest in the internal decoration of residences—especially country residences—has occurred within the last fifteen years. To any one who may have had occasion to visit some of the great house decorating establishments of Boston, New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis, the sumptuousness and princely elegance of these furnishings seem marvelous in the extreme. When a modest man inquires as to the possibility of indulging his own taste a little in his unpretentious home, his hopes vanish instantly as the thousands of dollars are counted up in the purchase of a few small articles of adornment, and his ardor for art culture in the family circle experiences a most unpleasant chill.

It is very evident to any careful student of present tendencies that there is great danger that decoration will be overdone. When we are told that some of the superb homes along the Hudson, and many in the interior and even on the Pacific Slope, have absorbed from \$150,000 to \$300,000 in decoration and furnishings

alone, and that a well-known clergyman has spent the Summer months on an extensive lecture tour—away from his Church—in order to be able to finish the decorations of his elegant villa among the Highlands, we may well stop to inquire whether there has not come a degeneracy rather than an elevation and purification of taste. Many seem to forget that excess is unartistic. True art leaves the mind in a condition of *healthful* invigoration. It is that kind of invigoration which results from the harmonious blending of a large number of elements, any one of which, if in excess, would interfere with the accomplishment of an artistic purpose. It is this nice balancing of forces, this poise, this quiet confidence which comes from the consciousness of having the whole subject under thorough control, which are the necessary conditions of success. A truly artistic work must reveal to the beholder this condition and mental state of the artist. The end of art is not to produce surprise, or create gaping wonder. This is an ignoble aim, which may be attained by the ignorant and vulgar.

Right here lies the danger of the present rage for interior decoration. It is liable to be pushed to an unwarrantable excess, and the result may be mere glitter or an offensive tawdriness. Color has a most important mission; but this mission is too often ignored, or utterly misunderstood. Like the administration of drugs, well calculated to restore the suffering to health and vigor if used in proper quantities and under appropriate conditions of the system, color may be made to contribute to our highest pleasure and æsthetic delight; but improperly commingled and thoughtlessly worked, the effects may be repulsive to all genuinely cultivated people.

Another too prevalent evil of modern interior decoration is that of excessive detail, or of overcrowding the wall surfaces or the space to be used with such a multitude of objects as will confuse and obscure. The designs which are exhibited by decorators lie open too often to this charge. That simplicity and unity, which are essential to best artistic results, are too frequently sacrificed. Dignity and chasteness are forgotten. The ceilings too frequently blaze with color, or dazzle with gold. No central, controlling, thought can be discovered in all this luxuriance of display. The eye tires, the mind wearies in the attempt, to solve the complicated enigma, or to trace the labyrinthian maze of lines and figures. The walls are covered with objects—many of immense costliness—without regard to theme or lesson. Furniture, porcelain, bric-a-brac, representing a mint of money, are thrown together as in some old curiosity shop, or like cast-off materials, in a garret.

Another tendency greatly to be deprecated is the frequent introduction of Japanese, Chinese, or Indian styles into our American interiors. Nothing can be more absurd, nothing more slavish. These styles are thoroughly exotic. Like all exotics they may be placed where they can be studied as products of a foreign clime; but to make Japanese interiors at all tolerable and harmonious, you should introduce into the house Japanese residents, and Japanese dress, with all its extravagance of color, and have all the exterior accord in form and teaching with the interior. This vice is strangely prevalent in carpets, rugs, vases, plates, etc., and is thoroughly destructive of all true taste. A Japanese house

or a Chinese temple in the midst of our sober landscapes, built by a sober American carpenter, would strike us as unpleasantly as the planting of tropical exotics in the lawn; we should feel that both would need to be brought into a hot-house to shield them from the rigors of our Winters. Just so an Indian interior in the presence of a rousing fire in the grate, presents a contrast most painful to the taste of the thorough artist. Such extravagances, such contradictions, such inharmonious elements must be exposed and ridiculed and weeded out, else these fabulous sums of money are to be the means of creating gross monstrosities and not those things of beauty which are a joy forever.

THEODORE THOMAS AND THE CINCINNATI MUSICAL COLLEGE.

NEW YORK has woke up to find her most finished and enthusiastic orchestral leader gone—because an interior town has outbid the national metropolis for the first musical organizing talent of this country. True, while New York has been *talking* of a musical college, and much was expected of one of her citizens, Cincinnati has gone and *done* it, and now puts at the head of its faculty the man who has done more than any other one in this country to tune up the public musical taste by his masterly rendering of the best classical music before large miscellaneous audiences. This masterly stroke of policy on the part of the Cincinnati College is in keeping with the generous provisions which have long characterized the directors of music in that city. Some of the grandest and most successful musical entertainments ever attempted in this land have been connected with Cincinnati; and now the munificent endowment of this school of music, and the policy to be pursued in its management, as briefly shadowed forth in the letter of acceptance of Mr. Thomas, give good ground to believe that the time is near at hand when there will no longer exist any necessity to visit Europe in order to secure the highest and most finished musical training. "The faculty must consist of professors eminent in their departments of instruction," says the able director in his letter of acceptance. "The formation of a college, such as you propose, realizes one of my most cherished hopes, and I shall work hard to make it superior in

all branches of musical education." This pledge, in the light of Mr. Thomas's history, means much more than the simple words would indicate. The skill, the energy, the sacrifice of time and money, the persistence of purpose along one line of endeavor, unmindful of the opposition and sneers of smaller men, the achieved success, the handsome recognition by all honest men of his superiority and worth—all these promise much, very much, for the future of the College of Music of Cincinnati. It is to be sincerely hoped that no unreasonable trammels or petty restrictions will be imposed upon Mr. Thomas, which will in any wise irritate his feelings, or to any degree prevent the realization of his most cherished plans. Let him have a clear field, and a fair trial of the possibilities of developing in this country an institution equal in all regards to the most honored conservatories of the Old World.

OPERA A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

PRUSSIA in 1778—at that time a pure despotism, ruled as to its entire population, like Frederick's own orchestra, with a stick—paid more attention to operatic matters, though infinitely less to music as an art, than it does now. The king's knowledge of music seems to have been about equal to his genius for poetry; and as Voltaire, after he had quarreled with Frederick, kneeled at his majesty's French verses, so musicians who had been employed in the royal band, and who had given the royal bandmaster private lessons, informed the world, after leaving the king's service, how indifferently his majesty played the flute. Sovereigns are perhaps more modest now; certainly, they possess better taste than distinguished some members of their order toward the end of the last century. Joseph II had the audacity to tell Mozart that in his "Marriage de Figaro" there were "too many notes," which drew from the justly offended composer the reply, that it contained "precisely the right number." Frederick the Great, although barely able to read a score, used to conduct the orchestral execution of important works; and combining the functions of operatic manager with those of musical director, engaged his own artists; and when, whether from indisposition or pure caprice, they declared themselves unable to sing, sent soldiers to arrest

them and bring them by force to the theater. The Empress Catherine, with all her faults, had too much womanly feeling and too much tact to impose commands or even counsels upon Paisiello, Cimarosa, and other musical celebrities whom she invited to her court. Indeed, on one occasion, when the Russian Empress made some observation to the famous Gabrielli on the subject of the terms demanded by that *prima donna*, pointing out to her that she was asking a higher salary than any Russian field-marshal received, the Italian vocalist is said to have replied to the Russian czarina that she "had better get a field-marshal to sing." No singer, however eminent, would have ventured to make such an answer to Frederick, who rather piqued himself on his ability to keep vocalists in their proper place. This, as no less an authority than Dr. Burney has informed us, he was able to do in more than one sense of the word. The king officiated when Dr. Burney was in Berlin, just one hundred years ago, as general conductor, "standing in the pit behind the *chef d'orchestre*, so as to have a view of the score, and drilling his troops in true military fashion." If any mistake was committed on the stage or in the orchestra, the king stopped the offender and admonished him; while, if he ventured to alter a single passage in his part, the king "severely reprimanded him, and ordered him to keep to the notes written by the composer."

Italy, however, a hundred years ago, was the great nursery of music. Her composers, as represented by Paisiello, Cimarosa, Guglielmo, Pergolesi, and Piccini, visited the chief European capitals, as those capitals are visited in the present day by the great Italian singers. Not that in the last century the Italian singers abstained from making tours. But Italy now sends out only singers, whereas a hundred years ago every country in Europe looked to Italy not only for singers, but also for composers, who traveled to the principal courts and the most celebrated opera-houses to superintend the performance of their own works. The Italian opera of those days was scarcely a more intellectual entertainment than it is now. So at least it would seem, from an account of the operatic performances of his time left by an ingenious Italian author who was contemporary of Cimarosa and Paisiello. The operatic dramatist or librettist had already learned

not to allow himself to be hampered by conditions of time, place, unity, or probability. The ordinary incidents and scenes of the eighteenth century librettist were "dungeons, daggers, poison, bear-hunts, earthquakes, sacrifices, madness, and so on." If a husband and wife were discovered in prison, and one of them had to be led away to die, it was indispensable that the other remain to sing an air, which, says the satirical historian of opera in the eighteenth century, "should be to lively words, so as to relieve the feelings of the audience, and make them understand that the whole affair is a joke." It was, further, a rule in the *ars operatica* of that day, that "if two of the characters made love or plotted a conspiracy, they should always do so in the pres-

ence of servants and attendants." The *prima donna* of a hundred years since was, like our own cherished heroines of the soprano voice, in the habit of exacting payments which, though trifling as compared with those of the present day, were already thought exorbitant. The *prima donna* of the year 1778 was accustomed, moreover, to add to her airs variations, passages, and embellishments, and it was observed that if she got hold of a "new passage in rapid triplets," she would introduce it in all her solo pieces. Her great object, however, was to sing as high as possible; and in 1778, as in 1878, the higher she could "rise in the scale," the surer she was of having the principal parts allotted to her.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

NATURE.

BEYOND THE RANGE OF VISION.—Hitherto man's knowledge of the extent of the universe has been bounded by the limits of vision. During the day, when the range of sight is narrowed by the sun's excessive brightness, we see but a minute fraction even of the little world we inhabit. At night a wider range of vision is possible, and some thousands of stellar and planetary bodies are added to the domain of positive knowledge, thus enlarging man's idea of the magnitude of the universe. But the increase of knowledge, which darkness gives, is almost infinitesimal, compared with the wider view opened up by the telescope. That the most powerful telescopes enable us to penetrate to the limit of the universe no one imagines. Our positive knowledge ends with the limit of vision. We have supposed that this would always be so. Hitherto science has given no hint of the possibility of exploring the vast beyond, from which no visible ray of light has ever been detected, or is ever likely to be detected, by the most far-reaching and sensitive optic aids. But now there comes a promise of an extension of knowledge to fields of space so remote that light is tired out and lost before it can traverse the intervening distance. This new agent is the tasimeter, by which it is possible not only to measure the heat of the remotest visible stars, but, Mr. Ed-

ison believes, to detect by their invisible radiations stars that are unseen and unseeable. Mr. Edison's plan is to adjust the tasimeter to its utmost degree of sensitiveness, then attach it to a large telescope, and so explore those parts of the heavens which appear blank when examined with the highest powers of the instrument. If at any point in such blank space the tasimeter indicates an accession of temperature, and does this invariably, the legitimate inference will be that the instrument is in range with a stellar body, either non-luminous, or so distant as to be beyond the reach of telescopic vision; and the position of such a body can be fixed and mapped the same as if it were visible. As the tasimeter is affected by undulations that the eye can not take cognizance of, and is withal far more accurately sensitive, the probabilities are that it will open up hitherto inaccessible regions of space. Possibly, too, it may bring within our ken a vast number of nearer bodies—burnt out suns, or feebly reflecting planets—now unknown because not luminous.

THE SPARROW QUESTION.—Dr. Cones writes to the *American Naturalist* that, it is a fact patent to every one who will take the trouble to see for himself, that the sparrow is a nuisance in a variety of ways, that it does not do

any appreciable good, that it does a very obvious amount of damage, that it harasses, drives off, and sometimes destroys useful native birds, and that it has no place in the natural economy of this country. All of these facts are disagreeably proved to many persons, especially agriculturists, whose fields and gardens are assailed, and they are all admitted by competent ornithologists generally. The argument drawn from the fact that there is an undisputed advantage resulting from a certain just and proper number of sparrows in Europe does not apply to the case of things in America.

In Europe these birds are part of the natural fauna of the country. They are not petted, pampered and protected from their natural enemies as they are here. They shift for themselves, find sources of food supply, and are kept within due bounds of multiplication by natural causes. In America the complement of our avifauna was made up without them. There is no room for them; and if there is any work which they might do, time has shown that they either slight, or neglect it altogether. The only way to make the Sparrows eat the worms they were imported to destroy, and which they seem especially to dislike, would be to starve them to it. Instead of this we sedulously feed them from our tables till they are grown too fat and lazy to think of worms. And, again, it would be useless to expect them to take to a diet they do not relish, when the streets are full of manure, of which they are especially fond, and when our trees are full of flowers or fruit, and the fields of grain, all these being the natural food of birds of the Sparrow tribe.

Further, there is no check-upon their limitless multiplication, and they are insidiously multiplying at a rate that perhaps few suspect. Ten years ago a Sparrow was something of a rarity, now, the millions we have are countless; this is bad enough, but what may be expected when we have the millions of millions which will be ours in a few years if this Sparrow mania goes on! Without unnecessary cruelty the numbers might be kept down by letting the birds find their own food and shelter, and by abolishing the legal penalties for killing them.

ORGANIZED PARTICLES IN THE ATMOSPHERE.—An attempt has been made by Min-

quel to determine the conditions on which the proportion of organic germs in atmospheric dust depends. His observations refer only to corpuscles whose diameter exceeds two-thousandths of a millimeter, and throw no light on the distribution of the sporules of septic organisms. The average number of dust germs, small during the Winter, increases rapidly in Spring, remains nearly stationary throughout the Summer, and undergoes a speedy diminution in Autumn. A fall of rain is always followed by a temporary augmentation of their numbers, which is often very striking. For instance, when a violent storm occurs after a long period of drought in Summer, the instrument which indicated a proportion of from five to ten thousand germs on one day, will indicate more than a hundred thousand the next. Accordingly, the chief conditions (apart from those that are purely local) by which the proportion of organized particles in the atmosphere appears to be regulated are temperature and moisture. Concerning the nature of these particles it was found that while the ova of the larger infusoria were comparatively rare, the spores of different varieties were exceedingly abundant. Many kinds of pollen and a relatively small number of starch-granules were detected. The proportion of green algae varied within wide limits, the air occasionally containing them in great quantity.

PHOTOGRAPHY AND THE SUN.—Our knowledge of the chemical nature of the sun is now being rapidly advanced by the aid of photography. The increased power in this direction recently realized by Dr. Janssen is one which was absolutely undreamed of a few years ago. It is now possible to record every change which goes on on the sun down to a region so small that one hardly likes to challenge belief by mentioning it. Changes under one second of angular magnitude in the center of the sun's disc can now be faithfully recorded and watched from hour to hour; in other words, changes in cloud regions ten miles square in a body 92,000,000 miles away can be chronicled!

DENSITY OF POPULATION AND HEALTH.—At a general conference of British architects, a few weeks ago, the general regulations were discussed at length. Among the points brought out were these: 1. That the experience of what are called model lodging houses, such as the

Peabody buildings in London and other large towns, compared with that of barracks, work-houses, and schools, furnishes abundant evidence that what is termed density of population is not so detrimental physically as has been hastily assumed; because in such buildings as are referred to the rate of mortality is much less, with a density of over 15,000 persons to the acre, than it is in ordinary small houses, with a density of 250 to the acre. 2. That the health of a community is much more dependent upon food, clothing, and personal habits than upon the arrangements or construction of dwellings or work-shops; for however perfect they may be in the latter respect, they may be entirely neutralized if the food is bad, the clothing insufficient, and personal habits filthy.

ARTIFICIAL INDIGO.—The most notable achievement in synthetic chemistry since 1868 has just been made at Munich, by Professor Beyer. For the past twenty years he has been studying the constitution of indigo, and at a late session of the German chemical society he announced the completion of his task in the discovery of the last link in the chain of synthetic reactions leading to the artificial formation of that important dye stuff. This discovery ranks with that of 1868, when artificial madder was substituted in the arts for the natural product, hitherto the only instance of the kind in the history of chemistry. As yet the operations involved in this synthesis are too numerous and too costly to allow their practical application in the arts; yet there is reason to expect that cheaper methods will be devised.

HOW GRAPES RIPEN.—According to *Comptes Rendus*, St. Pierre and Magnien have arrived at the following conclusions in regard to the changes which grapes undergo while ripening. During the process they evolve carbonic acid, in darkness as well as in light, when exposed to the air, or put in an indifferent gas. The amount of oxygen evolved in air is always in excess of the oxygen taken up; this has been remarked in the case of observations extending over a long space of time. Grapes can absorb or give off water according as they are placed in a moist or dry medium. As the change goes on the acids decrease in amount, while the quantity of sugar increases. The

acids and the glucose are carried to the grapes by the sap. Here the acids are slowly consumed, while the sugar increases in point of concentration, and at a still later stage the sugar itself is consumed.

THE SEED CROP OF WEEDS.—Professor Prentiss, of Cornell University, has estimated the annual crop of seed produced by single plants of some of our common weeds. He finds that the dandelion produces 2,000; the ox-eyed daisy, 13,000; dock, 13,000; burdock, 24,000; may-weed, 40,000; red poppy 50,000. Upon reading such figures the only wonder is that weeds can be kept down at all; the fact is, however, that great numbers of the seeds fail to plant themselves, and many remain in the ground many years, only springing up when the ground is stirred. In evidence of this, Professor Prentiss refers to a tobacco field where the seed had been allowed one year to ripen and fall. For ten years afterward tobacco plants appeared in the field from that seedling.

THE LENGTH OF ROOTS.—The tap-root of a common red clover plant has been traced to the perpendicular depth of nearly five feet, and the roots of Indian corn to the depth of seven feet. It is also stated that onions sometimes extend their roots downward to the depth of three feet; lucern fifteen feet. Hon. Geo. Geddes sent to the New York State Society a clover plant that had a root four feet two inches in length. Louis Walkhoff traced the roots of a beet downward four feet, where they ended in a drain pipe. Professor Shubart found the roots of rye, beans, and garden peas to extend about four feet; of winter wheat, seven feet in a light subsoil—and that forty-seven days after planting.

A STRANGE SUICIDE.—The following account appears in a Bedford, England, paper: A cat belonging to the Vicar of this parish had given birth to four kittens. As she did not seem strong enough to feed them it was thought best to drown them. After this she moped and went about in quite a despondent manner. In a day or two she seemed worse, in fact half frantic. Suddenly, she rushed from the house, ran across the lawn, and plunged into an ornamental pond. She was quickly rescued; but immediately repeated her rash act, and was drowned.

RELIGIOUS.

METHODIST STATISTICS.—The Minutes of the Spring conferences of 1878, embracing those whose annual sessions occurred during the first five months of the year, thirty-seven in all, situated mostly in the Middle and Eastern States, and the South-west, with one each in Africa and China, show a steady though not rapid growth of nearly every department of the Church's work. There are in all these an aggregate of 4,893 traveling ministers of all grades, which is only fifty-two more than were reported a year ago. In many of the larger conferences the number of ministers on trial is significantly small, which is not at all owing to any lack of candidates, but to the tendency to unite two or more churches, each of which formerly had its own minister, under one pastoral charge. In the Sunday-school department, 8,000 schools, 94,000 officers and teachers, and 680,000 scholars, the increase for the year is scarcely two per cent. The membership, 722,871, shows an increase of about three per cent. While the number of church edifices is a very little larger than last year, the aggregate value is diminished by a million and a quarter of dollars, by reason of reduced valuations. The missionary contributions, \$260,000, show a falling off from last year of nearly \$32,000; and every other of the Church benevolences shows a similar decrease. The cause of this state of things is not difficult to find, but their long continuance and steadily increasing volume, are causing not a little anxiety among those more immediately concerned. But the substantial growth of the Church, in its results and fruits, during all this season of financial pressure, is especially assuring.

IRISH METHODISM.—The reunion of the Wesleyans and Primitives of Ireland does not proceed with entire ease and smoothness. The Primitive Methodists, as the lesser element, in some cases, and especially on the part of the laity, seem not to be willing to be absorbed and lost in the larger body of the Wesleyans. Some of the Primitive societies hesitate about entering into the proposed union, and a considerable number of them may decide to con-

tinue their present connection with the Church of Ireland. The latter is very willing to notice the Methodists now and it is doing all it can to promote division. It has formed a Primitive Church Methodist Society, for the purpose of supplying those societies which can be persuaded to remain within its pale with Methodist preachers and usages. The Bishop of Kilmore is president of the Society, which has eight agents, stationed at Kilmore, Lurgan, Portadown, Sligo, Ballinamallard, and three other towns where the Primitives are especially strong. It is not doubted that the efforts of this Society will meet with some success, and that the union with the Wesleyan Conference will be incomplete. In some places the Primitives have been accustomed to receive the sacraments from Presbyterian ministers. They are like the ivy which climbs up the church wall. Tear it loose or remove the wall, and it will seek some other support, but will never attempt to stand alone.

PROFESSOR SMITH is to be tried the second time for heresy before the Aberdeen Presbytery, Scotland. He is to be tried on an amended libel. There seems to be little doubt that he will be very leniently dealt with. The important question involved is his criticism of Deuteronomy as being not historical, as it purports to be, and as having been written seven centuries after Moses's death. The prosecutors urge that this is tantamount to the denial of the inspiration and divine authority of the book, and on this ground they demand his condemnation as violating the Confession of Faith. But the Professor claims that he has not violated the letter of the Confession, and further that he definitively holds to the inspiration and divine authority of Deuteronomy.

CONGREGATIONALISM flourishes in Kansas, where special efforts have been made to build up Churches of that order. The annual statistics of the General Association show a total of 152 churches and 114 ministers, including licentiates. One hundred and thirty-six churches report a membership of 5,207; additions during the year, 741; removals, 282; in Sunday-schools, 9,052, being a gain of 2,025 in twelve

months; benevolent contributions, \$2,286.75, gain, \$567.35; church expenses, \$42,633.73, gain, \$5,894.10. The gain in contributions for home missions is nearly 58 per cent; for pastors' salaries, over 13 per cent; for church expenses, over 16 per cent. Fifteen Churches have been organized during the year.

Without any special efforts the Methodists have achieved even greater success in that State. They have, according to their latest statistics, two conferences with an aggregate of nearly 300 traveling ministers (and more than that number of local preachers), and over 29,000 church members. They have also 133 church edifices of an average value of \$1,500, and in their 389 Sunday-schools they have an aggregate of over 20,000 scholars. Their contributions to benevolent purposes (outside of their local Churches) amounted to over \$4,000.

THE REFORMED EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—When Bishop Cummings gathered his handful of followers in the New York City Association Hall to found a body of Episcopalians who eschewed all Ritualistic practices, no one dreamed that only a few years would bring nearly a hundred ministers together and six bishops rule over their ecclesiastical interests at home and abroad. It is only a very short time ago that Bishop Gregg was set apart for the work in England, and already it is reported that the Church finds so much advocacy there that its increase is at a far greater rate than in the country of its birth. In Canada also the Reformed Episcopal Church is making rapid headway. There are now fourteen preaching in its behalf in Canada and nineteen in England.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORK.—America is distinctively engaged in Sunday-school work. England has its Sabbath-schools, so has Scotland and the Protestant part of Ireland. Germany has made a beginning, and France is attempting it. Methodists are the only people who have recognized, at its real value, the Sabbath-school as an auxiliary of the Church. One of the most effective agencies is the "*Sunday-school Union*." This is ostensibly a Methodist organization, but its influence and even its work goes far beyond its boundaries. Not only do its periodicals, which have a circulation almost marvelous, go into the churches

of other denominations, but its assemblies are largely attended by Christians of the most varied denominational bias. Chautauqua this year counted its visitors by the thousands, and at times there was not room to accommodate all who came. Of the Berean leaf, which contains the Sabbath lesson, thirteen million copies have circulated this year.

ISRAELITISH ALLIANCE.—For more than eighteen centuries the Jew has roamed through this world. There is no place he can call his home. Every nation on the face of the earth has kept his company and given him shelter, yet he still roams, and is hoping for the day when the Messiah shall appear to call Israel home. Scattered through every land the Jew has maintained his individuality, and for self-protection Jew has allied himself with Jew. The *Alliance Israélite*, which now has twenty-four thousand members, aims to protect and further Jewish interests the world over. Very recently a Pan-Jewish Conference was held under the auspices of this Alliance at Paris, and was presided over by the illustrious French statesman, Adolphe Cremier, himself a Jew. Its proceedings were all for the purpose of effecting a closer relation between these co-religionists of many lands.

—Dr. G. W. Anderson writes from Stockholm, Sweden, that the Baptists have had large additions to their membership during the past year. There are now 253 churches with 13,773 members, an increase of 2,479. In the Sunday-schools there are 17,769 children. Dr. Anderson says he was allowed to preach to large congregations in Norway and Sweden, and that "doors are open to us every-where." The American Methodist and Baptist bodies have planted flourishing Churches in all parts of Scandinavia.

—About 600,000 copies of the Scriptures have been given away from the Bible-stand in the Paris Exposition. These copies were in twenty-two languages. It is the purpose to distribute about 500,000 more.

—According to a High-church authority, the 22,000 ministers of the Church of England are divided as follows: 12,000 are in the High-church Party, 5,400 in the Low, 2,500 in the Broad, and 2,700 are for "the most part colorless nonentities."

CURIOUS AND USEFUL.

"WAGER OF BATTEL."—Among the long disused, but still unrepealed, laws of England was the barbarous custom, legalized by William the Conqueror, of deciding disputed cases by personal conflicts of the contestants,—a duel between the parties founded on the presumption of an appeal to heaven to give the victory to the injured or innocent party—which remained in force till 1819. The old Reports show that there were two such cases brought before the courts during the sixteenth century, one in 1554 and the other in 1571. But neither of these cases actually came to the ordeal of battle—the former by judgment by demurrer for the plaintiff, and the latter by the failure of the plaintiff to appear in the lists. But as the challenge of the defendant had been accepted by the plaintiff, all the arrangements for the contest, according to the ancient forms, were made, but, at the last moment, failed of the actual contest. The arrangements for the trial are thus described in a recent number of *Chambers's Journal*.

"In due course the day was named for fighting the duel, which was appointed to take place in Tothill Fields, Westminster, not without consulting the authorities, however (for the custom had fallen into desuetude, no such a trial having been held then for over one hundred and fifty years), and with all due forms strictly adhered to. A piece of ground was then set out sixty feet square, inclosed with lists, and on one side a court was erected for the judges of the Court of Common Pleas, and a bar was prepared for the learned sergeants-at-law. On the day appointed, at sunrise, three of the judges (Chief-Justice Dyer and Justices Weston and Harper), in their scarlet robes attended by the officers and officials of the Court of Common Pleas and the sergeants-at-law, opened the court and the proceedings in Tothill Fields. It is said there were above four thousand persons present. Two knights-at-arms officiated as masters of the ceremonies; and by one of them the defendant's champion was introduced into the lists. According to the form required, he was dressed in a coat of armor, with red sandals; he was bare-legged from the knee downwards; bare-headed and with bare arms to the elbows; having as his weapon a baton or stave of an ell long, and a four-cornered leather target. Proclamation was made and the plaintiff's champion was called upon, but he did not appear; alter-

ing his mind perhaps at the last moment. Whereupon the plaintiff was called three times, and, not answering, the defendant's counsel moved the court there and then for judgment of nonsuit, which was granted. The Chief-justice then exhorted the people to disperse peaceably and quietly; he adjourned the court, and the display was at an end. The defendant had a bloodless victory."

But the unperformed part of the ceremony, which must have been carried out had the plaintiff's champion appeared, would have been as follows, according to the authorities:

"The two champions being introduced into the lists, take hold of each other's hand, and pronounce the oath alternately on the Bible; for the defendant, that the tenements in dispute are not in the right of the plaintiffs; and for the plaintiffs the champion swearing that they are. The champions then would each take the oath separately against sorcery, thus: 'Hear this, ye justices! That I have this day neither eat, drank, nor have upon me neither bone, stone, ne grass, nor any enchantment, sorcery, or witchcraft, whereby the law of God may be abased, or the law of the evil one exalted.' The battle being begun, the combatants were bound to fight till the stars appeared in the evening. If the champion of the tenant (the defendant) could defend himself till then, the tenant should prevail in his cause, for it was sufficient for him to maintain his ground and make it a drawn battle, he being already in possession; but if victory declared itself for either party, judgment was given for him. This victory might arise either from the death of one of the champions, or if either of them proved recreant (that is, yielded) and pronounced the horrible word of craven—a word of 'disgrace and obloquy,' as the old writers have it.

"This was certainly a serious thing for the vanquished champion; for he was condemned as a 'recreant' to be infamous, and lost his rights as a freeman; being supposed by the event to be proved perjured, and, therefore, never put upon a jury or admitted as a witness in any cause. In Minshaw's Dictionary, a very old work, there appears a circumstantial detail of what must be observed in this mode of trial."

After this case of last appeal to the ancient custom of wager of battle, though the law still remained in force, nothing further was heard of it in the courts till 1815, when it was revived in an Irish court in favor of one evidently

guilty of a most atrocious murder. The plea was entertained by the court, but afterwards withdrawn by the defendant upon a compromise with the prosecution. But only two years later another case of the same kind occurred, which attracted much attention, and led to the repeal of the obsolete statute. A most foul and brutal murder of a young woman had been committed in Warwickshire, and the deed was traced by strong circumstantial evidence to a young man of the vicinity, who, however, by proving an *alibi*, secured an acquittal. But under English law a second trial is possible in such cases, and accordingly it was ordered. When the prisoner was called on to plead he answered in the usual form, "Not guilty," and then to the astonishment of every body added, "and I am ready to defend the same by my body," accompanying the words with the ancient form of taking off his glove (a large horse glove) and throwing it on the floor as a gage. A young man present offered to take it up, but he was restrained by those about him. The whole affair was a complete surprise to all parties, and time was asked for consideration.

"In due time the prosecutor counterpleaded, setting forth the whole facts, and further circumstances which had come to light, tending to fix the prisoner with his guilt, so as to take away the right to wage battel. But after a further adjournment, the prisoner delivered the replication setting forth his *alibi*, and insisting on his ancient right. The prosecution demurred that the replication was bad in law; and the demurrer came on to be heard in due course. The case was learnedly and ably argued for the prosecution. All the ancient writers were cited in support of the argument of the prosecution, that under such a set of circumstances, as set out, the prisoner could not claim a wager of battel. On the other hand, for the prisoner, it was just as learnedly argued that he could. The arguments of the case were not concluded until after four separate sittings of the court; and on April 16, 1818, after much deep research into the authorities and consideration thereof, the court unanimously gave judgment for the prisoner in favor of the ancient right of wager of battel which he claimed, Lord Ellenborough, Lord Chief-justice, saying: 'The general law of the land is in favor of the wager of battel; and it is our duty to pronounce the law as it is, and not as we may wish it to be. Whatever prejudice, therefore, may justly exist against this mode of trial, still, as it is the law of the land, the court must pronounce judgment for it.' The

appellee, William Ashford, through his counsel, informed the court he did not now feel himself justified in accepting the challenge; and the prisoner was thereupon discharged from custody. He afterwards married and left this country for America, where he died in obscurity."

This was the last case of wager of battle; for such was the wonder and regret at the judgment of the court, such was the popular excitement aroused by the case, and the law as propounded by the judges, that in the next session of Parliament an act was passed by which wager of battle, appeal of murder, and other incongruous privileges, were abolished.

A PULPIT STIMULUS.—Here is a possible remedy for an evil sometimes experienced in and about the services of the pulpit. Did not the early Methodist itinerants find their account in the practice here recommended? Sir Arthur Helps said that sometimes in a rapid ride on horseback, it seemed as though the impetus you had got from the swiftly moving creature you bestrode helped you through a difficulty in which you had been entangled and detained. Physical movement may sometimes tell upon a sluggish mind. I have heard of a very dull and dreary preacher, the kind of orator to whom no one would willingly listen a second time, who, on several occasions had to drive in great haste from one church to another to take duty, and who, at the second church entering the pulpit while still retaining something of the momentum of the open trap, astonished every body by preaching with no small degree of liveliness, or what is sometimes expressively called "go." The apostle's declaration about the unprofitableness of "bodily exercise" should sometimes be read with the indefinite article before the word "little;" for a little quickening of the muscles may be needful to arouse the brain to proper activity.

PODOSCAPHE.—A canoe has been invented by an ingenious Yankee who designs this strange little craft for sea-voyages. It is made of india-rubber, and folds up to the size of a carpet-bag. When inflated it forms a twin canoe, and the propeller stands with one foot on each portion. The first trial of the podoscaphe was given by the inventor on a trip from Boulogne Harbor to Dover. The current proving too strong, he was carried to Sandgate, where he landed after a twelve hours' journey.

LITERATURE.

INTER-AFRICAN geography has grown to the dignity of a science. Like most other sciences, it was at first a myth, and beyond most other departments of nature the interior of the African Continent maintained its isolation and concealment till very recently. It was the last retreat of Prester John, and the latest home of the Pigmies. It was the "Ethiopia Unexplored," of the school-maps of fifty years ago, whose only marked feature was the "Mountains of the Moon," which too have melted away at the approach of the explorers. It has also been for a hundred years an open range for adventurous travelers, and the most valuable preserve for writers and publishers of books of travel. The mere list of names made famous as African travelers, extending downward from Bruce and Mungo Park, saying nothing of Strabo, Heroditus, and Sir John Mandeville, and others less renowned, all the way down to our own times, and till this present year when Stanley has given the *coup de grace* to the business—leaving nothing further to be done beyond filling up the details of the work whose great outlines are about complete—would make a formidable catalogue. The books on African exploration, published within the last quarter of a century, chiefly by the Harpers, make a respectable library of themselves, so large indeed is the mass of matter, that only those whose official positions compel them to keep abreast of the advances of popular intelligence and a few omnivorous specialists can be presumed to have read even the most of them. Our place in the one or other, or both of these classes, has caused us to keep posted in this work. When, therefore, a few months since, we laid down Lieutenant Cameron's volumes, we breathed more freely, feeling that the subject was at length exhausted; but now we find that we were a little ahead of time, for just then Stanley's expedition, after nearly three years of more than Herculean labors was nearing the coast; the record of whose wonderful doings, now forms the last installment* of our

African itinerant literature. We think this will long remain the last.

Mr. Stanley's name and fame had become inseparably associated with the opening of the interior of "the Dark Continent" before he entered upon his last, and in many respects most important, expedition. But as there yet remained certain unsolved problems, and the business had paid well in results, theretofore he was, in 1874, induced to undertake still another campaign of exploration, to determine if possible certain great questions respecting the physical geography of Central Africa. His former journeys had been made under the auspices and at the expense of Mr. Bennett of the *New York Herald*, but in this last adventure the proprietors of the *London Daily Telegraph* became also joint patrons. With characteristic energy and dispatch Mr. Stanley, when asked to do so, engaged in his work, and in an incredibly short space of time, compared with the work to be done, during which he twice crossed the Atlantic, he was ready for his departure for Zanzibar, August 15, 1874, where he arrived on the 21st of the following month. Thence, after the necessary delays in making preparations for the expedition, he, with his caravan, itself a small army, plunged into the mazes of the African Continent, from which, nearly three years later, he emerged at the mouth of the Congo River, Atlantic Ocean.

What he did and how he did it; what great questions of geography, climatology, ethnology, and natural history, were solved or elucidated; what wars and fighting, diseases and dangers, were encountered, what feats of diplomacy, and what skillful uses of resources were effected, and what prodigies of heroic sufferings and of triumphs through patient endurance,—are they not all written in these volumes? none of which we can attempt to detail or enumerate.

As the expedition here described is the crowning enterprise of its performer, so these volumes are their author's greatest literary achievement. His is an almost unequaled

* THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT: or, the Sources of the Nile, Around the Great Lakes of Equatorial Africa, and down the Livingstone River to the Atlantic Ocean.

By Henry M. Stanley. With ten maps and one hundred and fifty wood-cuts. Two volumes. 8vo. Pp. 522, 566. New York: Harper & Brothers.

example of the development of character in all noble qualities and under the stimulus of opportunities and the demands of exigencies. With the increase of responsibilities his personal resources have steadily risen to the level of their requirements; with the demand for large and broad generalizations he has displayed a commensurate breadth of philosophical comprehension, and this his last production not only tells of his wonderful successes as an explorer, but also shows him to be capable of recording what he saw in good readable English, and of happily selecting and grouping his observations, with pertinent suggestions and generalizations. Certainly Mr. Stanley is no ordinary man; for that man is the true hero, to whom opportunities are given, and he proves equal to them. Hereafter African travels will be accounted one of the subjects that has been completed, except as to the details of things already described in outline.

The publishers have dealt liberally with their author in respect to the outward embodiment and dress of the work. The material is good; the types large and clear, and the cuts well executed. The views sketched in the wood-cuts are valuable, not chiefly as ornaments, but as illustration of persons, objects, and places. The maps are valuable, two of them large, detached ones, for one of which each volume has its pocket in the binding. The work is to be sold exclusively by subscription.

We know of no other set of books that comprise an equal amount of really valuable information in the same space, and it may be added, may be bought for so small a price,—as the series of "Student's Histories," now in course of publication by the Harpers. Already the number of volumes, each covering its whole subject, has reached about a dozen, and nearly every department of human affairs seems to have been covered. And yet new volumes continue to be added. The last to come to hand is an "Ecclesiastical History,"*

*THE STUDENT'S ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY. The History of the Christian Church during the first Ten Centuries, from its Foundation to the full Establishment of the Holy Roman Empire and the Papal Power. By Philip Smith, B. A., author of the "Student's Old Testament History," etc. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 618.

covering the first ten centuries of our era. The qualities that distinguish the preceding volumes of the series, and especially those by the same author, are conspicuous in this. The difficult, but very desirable feat of uniting fullness with brevity and clearness is to a very good degree accomplished. Little more is anywhere aimed at than a simple statement of facts, properly arranged, both in the order of time, and with due regard to related events. As the book is designed for STUDENTS and not for scholars, it deals but sparingly in disquisitions or discussions of any of the various questions involved in the things detailed. Too often historical writers assume that their readers are already acquainted with the facts about which they write, presuming that all their readers are scholars. But such is not the case with the volumes of this series. And yet, in this volume, the multitudinous details are so arranged that the narrative proceeds with a good share of vivacity, and at times with dramatic force. We most heartily commend this sterling work to any one who may desire a brief, yet comprehensive record of the first half of the annals of the Church.

OF the many books called forth by the current discussion on future retribution none of those we have examined has given us more satisfaction than the little one recently published by Hitchcock & Walden, the work of Bishop Merrill.* It is simply an examination of the sense of the various terms used in the New Testament, to indicate the notion or idea usually expressed and understood by the English word, HELL. This word is used as the English equivalent for the words *hades*, *gehenna*, and *tartarus* (only once used), in the Greek Testament, while several other forms of expression are also employed to indicate the same idea. In his discussions the writer goes back only to the written Word, assuming all the time that his antagonists accept that Word as the end of all controversy. He has to deal, therefore, not with unbelievers as such, but simply with errorists, who recognize the truth and inspiration of the Scriptures,—Universalists, Restorationists, and Destructionists.

*THE NEW TESTAMENT IDEA OF HELL. By S. M. Merrill, D. D., Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. New York: Nelson & Phillips. 16mo. Pp. 275.

In the course of his argument he considers the immortality and the separate existence of the soul; the intermediate state, which he strongly asserts and shows to be the real *hades* of the New Testament; the "gehenna of fire," which is not yet, but is to be the hell after the judgment, the "Lake of Fire," and "The Second Death."

By keeping his antagonists to the teachings of Holy Scripture, the work is very greatly simplified, and the laboring oar put into the hands of those who wish to avoid the obvious sense of the written Word. The weakness of Universalism appears most plainly, when passing over from its negations it begins to set up a theory of its own, in doing which scarcely any two of its authorities are agreed. With all these, and with their exegeses and theories, Bishop Merrill deals fairly and respectfully, and succeeds at every point in carrying their works. To our thinking, the least satisfactory chapter is (vii) that on the "Fixedness of Character in Hades," a subject respecting which there is less fixedness of conviction than on most others, and here the author is scarcely equal to his own average, in using the arguments for his own side. The book is a decidedly good one, having especially the good quality of adaptation to its purpose.

AMONG the last labors of the lamented Dr. C. K. True, of New York, was the preparation of a series of biographies of eminent men of modern times (published by Hitchcock & Walden) in a form and style adapted to the use of young people. They are not, however, merely juvenile books, but suitable for the reading of adults, and worthy to be read by all who would contemplate noble lives, faithfully and pleasantly portrayed. We have heretofore noticed the first of the series, the "Life of Sir Walter Raleigh." Two more of the series are now at hand, "John Knox" and "John Howard."† They are just such books as should be put in the hands of young person, whether in the Sunday-school or the family. We learn the lamented author left also, in a completed

state, similar sketches of "William the Silent" and "Sir Matthew Hale."

THE subject of the third of the series of "English Men of Letters," edited by John Morley, and issued in this country by the Harpers, is "Sir Walter Scott."* It professes to be simply an honest but severe abridgement of Lockhart's ten volumes into less than a tenth of their space. It is more of a biography and less of a review than either of its predecessors in the series, giving briefly but somewhat comprehensively the life-story of its most interesting subject. But the picture given is quite as much of the inner life, as of the outward, every-day history. There are chapters devoted to appreciative criticisms on Scott's Poems, and sketches of his companions and friends, literary history of the "Waverley Novels," and discussions of the great novelist's politics, morality, and religion, while the clouded afternoon and the too early sunset of his life's day are fully and feelingly portrayed. As with Boswell's "Johnson," in respect to its subject, so Lockhart's "Life of Scott," can never be superseded or replaced; and yet because of their fullness, the matter of both of these works needs to be condensed within such bounds that they may be read by the multitudes, who can not afford the time and labor necessary for their study. In that consideration such abridgements as make up this series are more than justified.

HARPER & BROTHERS' paper-covered series must be meeting with success, if the briskness with which they are pushed forward is to be taken as any indication in the case. The "Library of American Fiction" has for its seventh number *Blush Roses*, by Clara Frances Morse; 8vo, pp. 135; 50 cents. The eighth is *Old Slip Warehouse*, by Mary A. Dennison. Some of the later issues of the little "Half-Hour Series," 32mos, are *Pottery Painting*, by John C. L. Sparkes; pp. 79; 25 cents. *Squire Paul*, by Hans Waring; pp. 184; 25 cents. *Sir Roger de Coverley*, from the "Spectator," with notes by W. Henry Wills; 25 cents. *Goldsmith*, *Bunyan*, and *D'Arlay*, by Lord Macaulay; and *Professor Pressensee*, by John

*THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHN KNOX; the Soul of the Scottish Reformation. By Charles K. True, D. D. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. New York: Nelson & Phillips. 16mo. Pp. 357.

†MEMOIRS OF JOHN HOWARD, the Prisoner's Friend. By Charles K. True, D. D. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. New York: Nelson & Phillips. 16mo. Pp. 225.

*ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS. Sir Walter Scott. By Richard Hutton. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 177.

Esten Cooke. But of all these popular series, the greatest and best is, beyond all question, the "Franklin Square Library," made up of reprints of popular foreign publications (often large volumes as they were at first issued) in quarto sheets, triple columns, well printed on good paper. These are chiefly fictions, some of them by first-class writers, while others are on subjects of popular interest, and abounding in valuable information. On the list, now extended to sixteen numbers, we find *The Russians of To-day*, *The People of Turkey*, and the *Life of Right Honorable Benjamin Disraeli*. The second of this last list contains matter enough for a good-sized volume, and it presents the best account of the Turkey—both European and Asiatic—of to-day that we have met with. Sent free by mail to any address for fifteen cents. Can the cheapening of reading matter go any further?

THAT is a decidedly good book which the Harpers give us, and of which Mr. Nathaniel Hillyer Egleston is the writer, about *Village Life and Village Improvements*.^{*} The traditional love of the country that has distinguished the Anglo-Saxon race, and, no doubt, has contributed not a little to the best characteristics of that race, has of late years been largely encroached upon by a strong tendency of population to the great centers. This we

esteem a great evil, economically, socially, and morally; and, therefore, we welcome any thing that promises in any degree to revive a genuine love for rural life. This, we think, Mr. Egleston's book will do. It treats upon almost every point of interest in village life—praising and censuring as seems needful, and abounding with suggestions for making things as they should be. It is not necessary to agree with him at every point, to be profited by his suggestions; it is enough that he calls attention to the subject, after which each may act on his own judgment.

LOTHROP & Co. have for some years made a specialty of religious fictions, adapted to the tastes of young people, which have largely found their way into Sunday-school libraries. Whether they have done good or evil in that position, will appear differently according to the "Stand-point" from which the subject is viewed. If Sunday-school libraries are to be filled with fictions, perhaps these are as little objectionable as any others. If, on the other hand, they are to exclude a better class of books, then they do harm rather than good. The books written by "Pansy" have been confessed to be among the best of their kind; and they who have admired them will be glad at the announcement of another from her hand, but this time with the help of a co-laborer.^{*}

EX CATHEDRA.

THE "HEATHEN CHINEE" AND HIS PERSECUTORS.

AMONG the most outrageous of political heresies in this our day of political backslidings, scarcely any other combines in itself quite so much of both theoretical and practical wrong as the crusade against the Chinamen. Originating among the basest class of San Francisco "hoodlums," and inspired by the most selfish motives, it has been permitted to grow up without much inquiry as to its merits by the better classes, until it has entered into the political issues of parties, and gained the

public ear, and won a kind of indifferent and unreasoning assent to its pretenses, and elicited a half-indolent, and half-reluctant consent that the presence of Chinamen in the country is an evil that ought not to be tolerated. A little examination of the subject will, however, very readily detect the evil *animus* that prompts the whole movement, and the sophistical character of the arguments by which it is fortified. The measures proposed are indeed great practical wrongs, but the principles upon which it is proposed to act in this case are not only false, but to the last degree

^{*}VILLAGES AND VILLAGE LIFE, with hints for their improvement. By Nathaniel Hillyer Egleston. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 326.

^{*}FROM DIFFERENT STAND-POINTS. By "Pansy" and Fay Huntington. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 12mo. Pp. 375. \$1.50.

dangerous, flagrantly anti-American, and subversive of the plainest principles of freedom.

This continent was appropriated by Europeans for their own use, on the assumption that the natural and unused resources of the whole world were of right to all who might choose to use them. Our country has, with singular consistency, pursued that principle till now, freely welcoming among us the "oppressed of all nations," with the promise of the largest liberty of creeds and customs, of labor and the enjoyment of property, with the prospect of speedy admission to all the privileges of citizenship. Under this policy Europe, and especially Ireland and some of the German States have sent their millions to our shores, who have largely deteriorated the character of American society, and seriously perverted and debauched our politics, entailing upon us a great and dangerous increase of intemperance and Sabbath desecration, of political profligacy and corruption, of crimes against the laws and of pauperism. And yet their incoming has not been opposed, because it was believed to be their natural right, and also economically advantageous to the country.

But now all this is to be reversed in favor of those who at first profited by it, and against another race, whose natural rights are the same as those of their oppressors. Some of the worst sophisms of the old slave code are revived and applied to men of another nationality; and it is claimed, as before, that the "all men," referred to in the Declaration of Independence, does not include Mongolians, and that the right to acquire a domicile and citizenship among us is confined to men of the Caucasian race. And this impudent demand comes chiefly from men who have themselves been received to their present estate by the operation of the same principle that is now sought to be set aside.

An outcry is raised that a terrible danger is impending over the land from this influx of Chinamen, by which the social, moral, industrial, and political well-being of the country will be imperiled. Without regarding the unusual source of these professedly discreet warnings, it may be well to examine the reasons given for these forebodings of evil, to see how far they are real and well-founded. We are told, first of all and all the time, and with

great violence of expression, that these Chinamen are "heathen," and, therefore, should not be tolerated in this *Christian* country. But possibly some one may answer that many of these new defenders of the faith are themselves but little better than heathen, either in manners or culture, and so far as religions at all, they are as really idolaters as the worshippers of the Grand Lama or of Juggernaut. And are we about to set up a religious test, by which to exclude any and all who fail to come up to this "regulation" standard in theology? The absurdity of this whole objection is so manifest that if left to the judgment of common sense it would fall of its own weight; but as the watch-cry of a pernicious faction, it becomes dangerous both to personal liberty and to the civil ethics of the country.

It is also objected against the Chinamen that they congregate in certain localities in the cities, and by their very presence expel all others, and so make undesirable quarters. This is no doubt true, and the evil complained of a real one. But what then? Must all classes of foreigners who do this be shut out of the country? The enforcement of this rule would certainly make a great exodus from not a few of our chief cities, of which large portions would be made desolate. But as a compensation it would rid the land of many of the blatant agitators who are now crying out against these "heathen Mongolians," and clamoring for "white men's rights."

But the real objection to the presence of the Chinamen in the country is that they bring such an amount of cheap labor, as seriously to interfere with the monopoly formerly enjoyed by others—by which employers were compelled to pay whatever prices might be demanded. And then they are such expert craftsmen, and so readily adapt their skill to the demands of the labor market, that they are found to be formidable competitors in almost every department of industry. And then they do not come into the trades-unions,—would not be admitted,—nor join in the strikes, and thus make it impossible to maintain the trades-regulations against the employers and capitalists. This is their capital offense, and the *gravamen* of the complaints urged against them is simply this, no more. And could a greater amount of effrontery be condensed into a single proposition than that for such a cause, they should

be excluded from the country? It is simply a demand for the most odious kind of class-legislation, by which the rights of all outside of the favored class are to be ignored and over-ridden.

It is not pretended that these Chinese laborers are not financially profitable to the country generally; but while they are profitable to all others they interfere with the monopoly of the labor market hitherto enjoyed by a certain class. Free trade in all commodities required for general use is alike the dictate of public economy and of fair play among all classes; but here it is demanded by a class, that the general public shall not be permitted to avail themselves of a cheaper market, and that they who desire to supply the labor market at lower rates than others shall be excluded from the country. Every man should be permitted to dispose of his labor for such prices as he can get; and every purchaser of labor should in like manner be free to get it as cheaply as he may. Any thing less than this, on either side, should be resisted as a hardship and an intolerable wrong. If Chinamen are willing to sell their labor at lower rates than other people, should they not be permitted to do so? and should not the employers of labor be permitted to purchase of whomsoever will supply it at the best rates?

In this complaint of our operatives against the Chinamen for underworking them, there is a humiliating confession of the infirmity of the complainants in that they are unable to hold their way against this competition unless specially favored. These Chinamen, we are told, are so industrious, so ingenious and imitative, that they readily compete with white men, in almost every department of the useful arts, and they are so frugal in their living that they can work for less wages than white men, and yet save money while the others would starve. And what then is the remedy asked for, that white mechanics, artisans, and laborers, may be able to hold their way among us? It is asked that one of the most sacred maxims of civil ethics, which has been our boast and glory from the earliest times, shall be reversed, all for the benefit of a comparatively few, and all others shall be denied the use of their natural rights; that a monopoly of a most odious form and oppressive character shall be granted to the few at the expense of the many; that

the country shall be closed against those who come to offer to develop our latent resources, and to enrich the nation. And all this must be done to protect the superior "Christian" Caucasians against the formidable and the overcoming rivalry of Chinamen! If there are among the friends of these mistaking "working-men" any who are not yet themselves demented by their strange theories, they might possibly render them good service by suggesting certain reforms upon their own part, by which they would be enabled more successfully to compete with their Mongolian rivals. Let them eschew their drams, and spend a good deal less for tobacco; let them avoid all street rows, and bar-room fights, so as not to have occasion to spend either time or money at the Police Courts, nor be compelled to work a month or two each year, without wages, under legal restraints; let them have some little consideration for the tax-payers, and avoid whatever may tend to increase their burdens, by increasing the expenses of the boards of corrections and charities. The best possible trades-union for them would be the agreement of strong hands and willing hearts to do what can be done, and to "be content with their wages." The best possible *strike* is that made by strong hands where work is to be done. If our "working-men" will adopt this rule of action they will have no need of special protection against the competition of the Chinamen. Show fair play every-where, and ask no *special favors*.

HOW IT WAS DONE.

WE were present, not long since, at an assembly for public worship, at which Rev. William Taylor, the Missionary Evangelist, officiated. He was evidently in his best mood, and certainly while his "speech and his preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom," they were in "demonstration and power." And while fully sympathizing with him, in respect to his immediate purpose, we found opportunity also to inquire in respect to the secret of the power by which he achieves success where others, no less sincere or able, entirely fail.

Mr. Taylor has some special points of advantage of a purely natural kind. His presence is imposing—six feet in height and two hundred pounds in weight, erect, bearded, and

awarthy. His voice, though not musical, is clear and distinct, and not disagreeable; and his address is directly to the people before him, uniting the force of an oratorical appeal with the attractiveness of a personal conversation. From beginning to end he held himself *en rapport* with his hearers, who were made to feel that they, each in his or her severalty, was spoken to, and a mental response was demanded of every one, which could not be denied.

This attitude before his congregation became to him a condition of very great value, as it insured universal attention and made every one a party to the business in hand.

In his expositions of doctrines he dealt with only those that every body understands, and which enter into the informal creeds of the whole community. These doctrines are stated by him, not by way of proof, or with any attempt to secure assent to them as true, for the speaker neither betrays the least possible doubt as to the truth of what he says, nor intimates, directly or by implication, that any doubt in respect to them is felt by his hearers. Every thing proceeds upon the tacit assumption that the great evangelical doctrines of the Bible are tremendous, present realities; that God and Christ and the Holy Spirit are real persons and very intimately related to man; that sin and death and eternal ruin are the facts that pertain to all the unregenerated; while pardon, regeneration, and eternal life are God's gifts, freely offered to all men through Christ. These things are kept all the time at the front, and no opportunity is allowed for caviling doubts or questionings upon any side issues.

This simplicity and definiteness of beliefs—which, however, are not formulated, and the attempt is never made to prove any of them—is a most effective element of power. He confronts his hearers as sinners, and speaks of their sin as great and inexcusable, and sure to result in damnation if not taken away through God's mercy and by Christ's atonement, and in response to repentance and faith on the part of the sinner. He tells them of their absolute helplessness to save themselves, but assures them of the help of the Holy Spirit now present and moving them to repent and be saved. He sets distinctly before them life and death as the only possible alternatives, and these removed to an infinite distance from each other.

To the believer, heaven is presented as infinitely glorious and very near at hand; and to the unbeliever hell is just as near, with all its certain and unutterable horrors. His whole address presents a picture of the way of salvation, with its dark background of certain and endless perdition to the unsaved; but with light and life, of peace and joy, of holiness and heaven, as the gift of God, to the willing and obedient.

It would seem from his manner of speaking of these things that never does the shadow of a doubt in respect to any of them pass over his mind. And this, his fullness of belief, not only strengthens his own heart and hands in his work, but it unconsciously passes over to the minds of his hearers, and they, too, assent to the truth and feel its force. Indeed, he perpetually assumes that they assent to the things that he declares, and on this he bases his earnest appeals and cogent exhortations.

He also comes to the people with the Gospel message in the fullest expectation that his preaching will not be without immediate fruits. He expects that somebody will be awakened and brought to seek Christ, and all his exercises and appeals are ordered on that expectation. He addresses his words to the awakened sinner in the congregation, tells him of the greatness of the present crisis in his affairs, and urges him, as he values his soul, to lay hold upon the proffered salvation, then and there, lest delaying should prove eternally ruinous. And such points are sometimes most effectively enforced by facts and incidents given in illustration.

His evident sincerity and earnestness adds greatly to the effectiveness of his exhortations. His doctrines have no novelties about them, but are the simple and unadorned lessons of Christ's Gospel. His manner is without artifices or grimaces, or attempts at fun or smartness; grave, earnest, and deeply serious, with a pervading undertone of sadness and solicitude for souls perishing in sin.

As we observed these things we ceased to wonder at his marvelous success as an evangelist; and yet all that he did seemed so plain and natural that it appeared as if any one inspired with his spirit might do the same things. And then we thought with pity and sorrow of those preachers who are continually dealing with doubts and doubters, and so fa-

miliarizing themselves and their hearers with every subterfuge of caviling unbelief, and at best doing little more than laboring to "Hold the Fort," when it is their duty to assail the strongholds of the enemy, and to plant the banner of the cross on the ramparts of the strongholds of sin,—the soul unsaved.

A FRIENDLY CRITIQUE.

We take the liberty to print the following, which comes to us as a private letter from a valued personal friend. To the editor, it is exceedingly grateful, and it certainly is creditable to both the head and the heart of the writer:

OAK HILL, DELAWARE, OHIO, Sept. 12, 1878.

To my well-beloved friend and brother, Daniel Curry.

I have read with interest and I trust with profit, your able article in the September number of the REPOSITORY on "Prayer." But in seeking to correct some common and pernicious errors, do you not lean a little in the opposite direction? For example what you say on attitude as "expressing the conditions and relations in which the praying soul subsists in respect to God" is admirable; but do you not go too far in excluding all action from prayer? When the soul thus stands before God reverent, penitent, submissive, trustful, is it not rather the true attitude of the soul in prayer than prayer itself? Thus, standing, may not the soul, moved by strong desire, be led to ask, even plead for the things desired? Is there not a going out of the soul in petition—an outcry? And is not this action?

Viewed in a mere intellectual light it seems indeed the height of presumption for a fallible creature even to suggest to the high and Holy One what it would have him do; but the instincts of the heart are often safer guides than the deductions of the intellect. The soul burdened with a sense of guilt—what can it do but cry out for pardon? The Publican thus burdened smote upon his breast, saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Or, "standing consciously and receptively before God," and under a consciousness of its lack of conformity to the character and will of God, of its pollution, how instinctively does it cry out with the Psalmist, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me!" This prayer answered, there springs up an intense yearning for communion, fellowship with God. This may not formulate itself into a petition, yet it is a going out of the soul after God. The Psalmist gives utterance to this experience when he exclaims, "As the heart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O

God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God." These desires are begotten of the Spirit, and as he helps our infirmities there is awakened in the soul a holy boldness which cries out, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." This importunity, this wrestling spirit, made up of desire and faith, is in no way incompatible with the most profound humility and reverence and perfect submission to the Divine will—the proper attitude of the soul before God in prayer. "If it be possible," prayed Christ in the garden, "let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt."

There may be the same wrestling in prayer for others as for ourselves: as Abraham praying for the inhabitants of Sodom, and Moses praying for sinning Israel, etc. In all these cases is there not, strictly speaking, action?

Excuse my troubling you with this. I am not hunting heresy. Can't you give your old friend a call? Your presence and communion would refresh his spirit.

Most sincerely yours,

F. MERRICK.

We are quite certain that there is no real difference of sentiment between the author of the "Study" and our friendly critic. If in presenting one side of the subject, we had failed properly to guard the other side, the fault, though real and perhaps serious, would not have been surprising. But we suspect the failure in this case is in the reading of the article, rather than in the article itself. While it was especially intended to state and emphasize the passive, unconscious, and receptive characteristics of prayer, it certainly was not our design to exclude altogether the active and even the volitional elements. Hence, we wrote, near the close of the article, "it is both our privilege and our duty to formulate our desires and to ask that we may receive." And further, prayer "should be used, not to dispose him [God] to be gracious, but to meet him in the way he has appointed, and to render, on our part, the condition on which he sees fit to suspend his grace." It will be seen also that we expressly include prayer for temporal favors, though always in absolute submission to the divine will. As to that most active form of prayer, of which "Wrestling Jacob" is the type, probably in no other is the soul so thoroughly subjective and moved by a power beyond and above itself. Jacob indeed wrestled with the angel, but the angel also, and primarily, wrestled with Jacob, and first conquered him, and then submitted to be conquered by him.